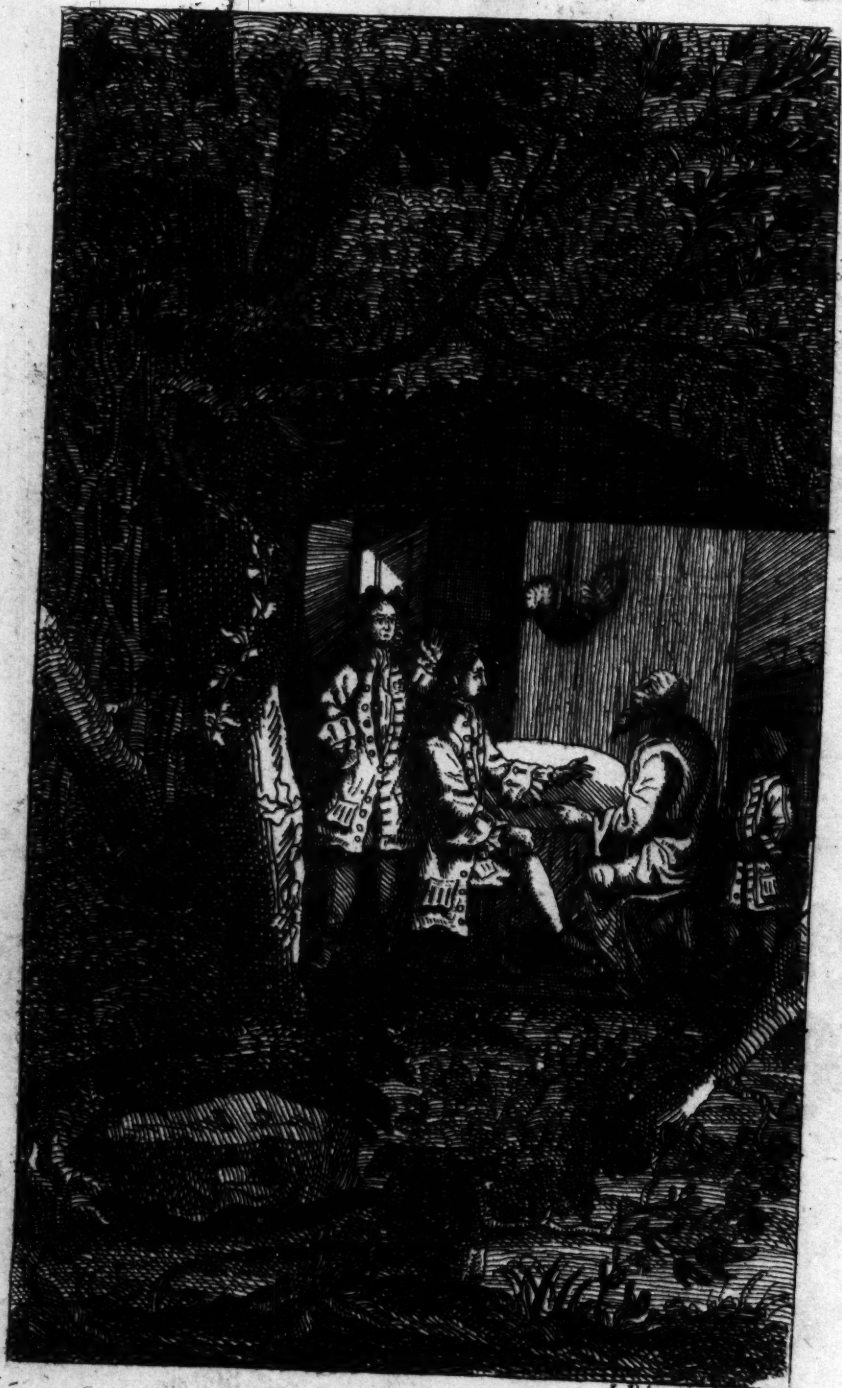


*J. Pine in. & sculp.*



*J. Pine in. & Sculp.*

The Strange

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# ADVENTURES

OF THE

Count *de Vinevil*

And his Family.

Being an Account of what happen'd  
to them whilst they resided at  
*Constantinople*.

And of Mademoiselle ARDELISA, his Daughter's being shipwreck'd on the Uninhabited Island *Delos*, in her Return to *France*, with VIOLETTA a *Venetian* Lady, the Captain of the Ship, a Priest, and five Sailors. The Manner of their living there, and strange Deliverance by the Arrival of a Ship commanded by VIOLETTA's Father.

ARDELISA's Entertainment at *Venice*,  
and safe Return to *France*.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

---

By Mrs. AUBIN.

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*Si Genus Humanum, & mortalia temnitis Arma;  
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.*

VIRGIL.

---

L O N D O N :

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2nd Edition

And his family.

And on Madison Street, a street of  
the city of New York, on the  
corner of Madison Street and





# P R E F A C E

TO THE

R E A D E R.

**S**INCE serious things are,  
in a manner, altogether  
neglected, by what we  
call the Gay and Fashio-  
nable Part of Mankind, and Reli-  
gious Treatises grow mouldy on the  
Booksellers Shelves in the Back-  
Shops; when Ingenuity is, for want  
of Encouragement, starv'd into  
Silence, and Toland's abominable  
Writings sell ten times better than  
the inimitable Mr. Pope's Homer;

## 6 The PREFACE.

when Dacier's *Works* are attempted to be translated by a Hackney-Writer, and Horace's *Odes* turn'd into Prose and Nonsense; the few that honour *Virtue*, and wish well to our Nation, ought to study to reclaim our Giddy Youth; and since Reprehensions fail, try to win them to *Virtue*, by Methods where Delight and Instruction may go together. With this Design I present this Book to the Publick, in which you will find a Story, where Divine Providence manifests it self in every Transaction, where *Virtue* is try'd with Misfortunes, and rewarded with Blessings: In fine, where Men behave themselves like Christians, and Women are really virtuous, and such as we ought to imitate.

As for the Truth of what this Narrative contains, since Robinson Crusoe, has been so well receiv'd, which is more improbable, I know no reason why this should be thought a Fiction. I hope the World is not grown so abandon'd to Vice, as to believe that there is no  
such

## The PREFACE. 7

*such Ladies to be found, as would prefer Death to Infamy; or a Man that, for Remorse of Conscience, would quit a plentiful Fortune, retire, and chuse to die in a dismal Cell. This Age has convinc'd us, that Guilt is so dreadful a thing, that some Men have hasten'd their own Ends, and done Justice on themselves. Would Men trust in Providence, and act according to Reason and common Justice, they need not to fear any thing; but whilst they defy God, and wrong others, they must be Cowards, and their Ends such as they deserve, surprizing and infamous. I heartily wish Prosperity to my Country, and that the English would be again (as they were heretofore) remarkable for Virtue and Bravery, and our Nobility make themselves distinguish'd from the Crowd, by shining Qualities, for which their Ancestors became so honour'd, and for Reward of which obtain'd those Titles they inherit. I hardly dare hope for Encouragement, after hav-*

## 8 The PREFACE.

ing discover'd, that my Design is to persuade you to be virtuous; but if I fail in this, I shall not in reaping that inward Satisfaction of Mind, that ever accompanies good Actions, If this Trifle sells, I conclude it takes, and you may be sure to hear from me again; so you may be innocently diverted, and I employ'd to my Satisfaction.

Adieu.



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
Count de Vinevil.

IN the Year 1702, the  
Count de Vinevil, late  
Native of France, born  
of one of the Noblest  
Family's in Picardy, where  
he had long lived, possessed of a  
Plentiful Estate, being a Widower,  
and having no Child but one Beau-  
tiful *Ardelisa*, his only Daugh-  
ter, finding his Estate impove-

10 *The Adventures of*

verish'd by continu'd Taxations, and himself neglected by his Sovereign, and no ways advanced, whilst others less worthy were put into Places of Trust and Power; resolved to dispose of his Estate, purchase and freight a Ship, sail for *Turkey*, and there settle at *Constantinople*, to trade: being induced so to do, from the perfect Knowledge he had of those Parts, having been in his Youth for above ten Years with an Uncle of his, who was Consul there for the *French* Factory, and carry'd him along with him to show him the World.

Accordingly he turn'd all into ready Money, except some Lands, which being intail'd he could not sell; and those he intrusted in the hands of the Count de *Beauclair*, his Sister's Son.

Having thus order'd his Affairs, he purchas'd a Ship call'd the *Bon-Aventure*; and having loaded it with Goods proper for the *Levant*, he went aboard with the fair *Arde-lisa*, and a Youth, who being an Orphan,



*the Count de Vinevil.* 11

Orphan, and Heir to a considerable Estate in *Picardy*, was left to his Care. This Youth was Count of *Longueville*, then about Seventeen Years of Age; a young Gentleman of extraordinary Parts and Beauty: he was tall, delicately shaped, his Eyes black and sparkling, and every Feature of his Face was sweet, yet majestick; he was learned beyond his Years, and his Soul was full of Truth and Ingenuity; he had received from the best Education the best Principles, was Brave, Generous, Affable, Constant, and incapable of any thing that was base or mean. These Qualitys render'd him dear to the Count *de Vinevil*, who look'd on him as his own Son, and was pleas'd to find that *Ardelisa* and he grew together in Affection as they grew in Age. She was then Fourteen, and the most charming Maid Nature e'er form'd; she was tall and slender, fair as *Venus*, her Eyes blue and shining, her Face oval, with Features and an Air so sweet and lovely, that Imagination

CAN

can form nothing more compleatly handsome or engaging. Her Mind well suited the fair Cabinet that contain'd it; she was Humble, Generous, Unaffected, yet Learned, Wise, Modest, and Prudent above her Years or Sex; Gay in Conversation, but by Nature Thoughtful; had all the Softness of a Woman, with the Constancy and Courage of a Hero; in fine, her Soul was capable of every thing that was Noble. There needed nothing more than this Sympathy of Souls, to create the strongest and most lasting Affection betwixt this young Nobleman and Lady; they loved so tenderly, and agreed so well, that they seem'd only born for one another.

The Evening before the Count *de Kinevil* left his Castle to go for *Turkey*, he call'd the young Count of *Longueville* into his Closet, and spake to him after this manner:  
 ' My Lord and Son, *said he*, I am,  
 ' you see, going to quit my native  
 ' Country, and to trust the faithless  
 ' Seas with my self and all that is  
 ' mine:

*the Count de Vinevil.* 13

mine: I am going amongst *Ma-*  
*hometans*, to avoid the seeing  
those, who have been my Vassals,  
lord it over me; but, my dear  
Child, I am most unwilling to ha-  
zard your Life, or involve you in  
whatever Misfortunes may besal  
me. You have a noble Fortune to  
enjoy, great Relations, such as  
can, with ease, procure you such  
an honourable Post at Court, or in  
the Army, as may give you Op-  
portunities of using, to your King  
and Country's Glory, those admi-  
rable Qualifications Heaven has be-  
stowed upon you; which I have  
not been wanting to improve in  
you, nor omitted any thing that  
could make you such, as I desir'd  
to see you: and, believe me, no  
News will be more grateful to me  
in any Exile from *France*, than to  
hear that you are great and happy.  
Now then, my dear Child, let me  
prevail with you to consent to our  
Separation: Stay here, and be as  
bless'd as I wish you; and if I die  
in *Turkey*, and leave *Ardelisa* an  
Orphan, ♣

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' Orphan, let her returning find in  
 ' you such a Friend, as you have  
 ' found in me.' Here he stopp'd.  
 The young Count, whom Respect  
 had till now kept silent, throwing  
 himself at his Feet, and embracing  
 his Knees with Tears, reply'd, ' My  
 ' Lord and Father! what have I  
 ' done to merit your Displeasure,  
 ' that you would propose such a  
 ' thing to me? Can you believe me  
 ' capable of an Action so base, as to  
 ' abandon you and *Ardelisa*, to  
 ' whom my Soul is devoted, out of  
 ' whose Presence I would not live,  
 ' to gain the Empire of the *Eastern*  
 ' World? No, my Father, your  
 ' Fortune shall be mine; we will  
 ' live and die together, nothing but  
 ' Death shall ever separate us. *Ar-*  
 ' *delisa* shall be my Charge, and I  
 ' will be to her a Lover, Husband,  
 ' and Father; and to you a Son, in  
 ' the strictest and most tender Sense.  
 ' Urge me no more to leave you,  
 ' my Soul is fill'd with Horror at  
 ' the Thought.' The old Count  
 taking him up in his Arms, embrac'd  
 him

*the Count de Vinevil.* 15

him with Transport; 'Forgive me,  
' my Son, *said he*, 'twas the Excess  
' of my Affection made me fear to  
' hazard the Life of what I loved so  
' well; may Heaven prosper our  
' Voyage, and reward you with a  
' long Life and safe Return to  
' *France*, when I am gone to Rest:  
' And may *Ardelisa* make you just  
' Returns, and be to you as great a  
' Blessing as you are to me. Let us  
' now go to take our Repose, and  
' with the Rising-Sun we'll set out;  
' all things are ready, the Wind is  
' fair, and in another Country we  
' will try to improve that Fortune  
' we shall never be able here to bet-  
' ter.'

The next morning the good old  
Count, young *Longueville*, and the  
fair *Ardelisa*, left the Castle, at-  
tended with many Friends, who ac-  
company'd them to the Ship, where  
they were all handsomely treated  
with a Dinner: After which they  
took leave, with many Tears, and  
good Wishes. The old Count's Ser-  
vants express'd themselves in so  
moving

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moving a manner, that it would have drawn Tears from the most savage Heart; nor was there one of them, but did beseech him to let them go with him, tho he had taken care to recommend and provide for every one of them, having left Pensions to those who were grown old in his Service. He thank'd them tenderly, and dismissed them all but four, which were *Nannetta*, a Maid, who had brought up *Ardelisa*, and govern'd his House ever since he had been a Widower; *Bonhome*, his old Steward and Secretary; *Manne* and *Joseph*, a young Maid and Boy, who had been bred up in his Family. And now, with a fair Wind that Evening, they hoisted Sail, on the 12th Day of *March*, in the Year 1703. and, having a prosperous Voyage, reach'd the desir'd Port, arriving at *Constantinople*, May the 1st.

So soon as they came to an Anchor, the old Count, who best knew the Customs of the Place, taking the Captain of the Vessel, went ashore.

*the Count de Vinevil.* 17

shore to visit some *French* Merchants, to whom he brought Letters, and to pay the usual Compliments to the *Bassa* of the Port, and *French* Consul; leaving the young Count with *Ardelisa*, whom the Disorder of a Sea-Voyage had so much indispos'd, that she was scarce able to rise off the Bed: ' Now my charming Dear, *said the Lover*, ' we are arriv'd at a strange Country, where we shall no more see Christian Churches, where Religion shows itself in Splendour, and God is worship'd with Harmony and Neatness; but odious Mosques, where the vile Impostor's Name is echo'd thro' the empty Quires and Vaults; where curs'd *Mahometans* profane the sacred Piles, once consecrate to our Redeemer, and adorn'd with shining Saints and Ornaments, rich as Piety it-self could make them. Alas! alas! dear *Ardelisa*, what will our Father's Ambition and Resentments cost both him and us? My boding Soul seems to forewarn me, that  
' we

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‘ we here shall meet some dire Mis-  
 ‘ fortunes : The Wealth we have  
 ‘ brought with us, may perhaps oc-  
 ‘ casion our undoing ; but more,  
 ‘ your Beauty, should some lustful  
 ‘ *Turk*, mighty in Slaves and Pow-  
 ‘ er, once see that lovely Face ;  
 ‘ what human Power could secure  
 ‘ you from his impious Arms, and  
 ‘ me from Death. Let me intreat  
 ‘ you, as you prize your Virtue,  
 ‘ and my Life, show not yourself in  
 ‘ publick ; let the House conceal  
 ‘ you, till Divine Providence deli-  
 ‘ vers us from hence.’    *Ardelisa*,  
 who was from his Discourse made  
 too sensible of what she had to fear,  
 shedding some Tears, reply’d, ‘ My  
 ‘ dear Lord, I did not dare to tell  
 ‘ my Father what I thought of this  
 ‘ Design ; but I, like you, have had  
 ‘ a Dread e’er since we left our na-  
 ‘ tive Land. I shall be wholly go-  
 ‘ vern’d by you in all things, and  
 ‘ rather chuse to confine my-self  
 ‘ from all Conversation, than give  
 ‘ you the least disquiet : but, alas !  
 ‘ should my Father’s new Under-  
 ‘ takings,

*the Count de Vinevil.* 19

• takings, his Trading, occasion your  
• Absence from me, what must I  
• do? or who shall protect me from  
• the Infidels Insolence?" At these  
words, she remain'd silent, a Flood  
of Tears interrupting; whilst he  
folding her in his Arms, sigh'd deep-  
ly, and just as he was going to  
speak, was prevented, by *Bonhome's*  
entering the Cabbin to inform him,  
that the Boat was return'd, with a  
Message from his Master, that they  
should come ashore, and that he  
only should stay aboard, to see the  
Cargo of the Ship unloaded: my  
Lord likewise, *continu'd* he, desires  
that you, Madam, will take care to  
bring, in your own hand, the little  
Cabinet of Jewels; you will find  
him at a *French Merchant's House*,  
where you are to continue, till my  
Lord has taken a House.

*Nannetta* and the young Lord  
assisting, *Ardelisa* arose, and was  
led to the side of the Ship, and he  
descending into the Boat, receiv'd  
his Mistress into his Arms, and with  
the faithful *Nannetta* and *Joseph*,  
landed.

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landed. They were by the Seamen conducted to the Merchant's House, where they found the Count *de Vineuil*, and were received and entertain'd with all the Kindness and Magnificence imaginable. Here they continu'd for about a Month, in which time a handsome House was taken, and furnish'd, all the Goods got out of the Ship, brought ashore, and safely put into Warehouses; the greatest part of which Goods were quickly sold to the *Turks*, by means of the *French Consul* and Merchant.

The Count *de Vineuil*, at their leaving his House, made handsome Presents to Monsieur *de Joyeuse*, his Lady, and Servants; and he and she had conceived the highest Esteem and Friendship that is possible for him, his Daughter, and the young Lord. And now the Count settled, and thus acquainted, and assisted, began to be extremely pleased with his Voyage and Success, and to resolve upon continuing in this place the rest of his days. *Ardelisa* carefully

fully avoided going abroad, whilst her Father, and Lover, visited, managed, and dispatched all the Affairs with the Merchants: but so many Bassas, and Persons of Quality, came to her Father's to traffick for *European* Goods, that she could not avoid being sometimes seen. Amongst these, *Mahomet*, the Captain of the Port's Son, a Chief Officer in the Sultan's Guards, was so charm'd with her Beauty, that he became passionately in love with her; and knowing that her Father (being a Christian) would never consent to her being his, he conceal'd his Affection, resolving to wait for an Opportunity to steal her away, or take her by force. In the mean time, he sent her several Presents of considerable value, by a Slave, whom he order'd to watch the young Count's going home at Noon, and to ask for her before him, and in case he was refused the sight of her, to deliver the Present and Letter to the Count for her. This he did, to render the Count  
and

and her uneasy, having been inform'd that he was to marry *Ardelisa*. These Letters had no Name to them, but were very amorous, and contain'd all the passionate Expressions in which a Lover could declare his Passion. This render'd both the old Lord, and young, very uneasy; but above all, *Ardelisa*, who foresaw her Ruin approaching.

One day the same Slave comes as usual, bringing a Letter in a Silver Basket of choice Sweetmeats, in the midst of which was placed a Gold Box, under the Letter: this he deliver'd to the old Lord, for his Daughter, who now kept in her Chamber, and would no more be seen by Strangers. *Longueville* offer'd the Slave a large Reward, if he would reveal his Master's Name and Quality. The Slave furlily answer'd, ' Do you take me for a  
' Christian, that I should betray my  
' Trust? A True Believer keeps  
' his Word. My Master, when he  
' thinks fit, will take what he is  
' pleas'd to love: *Ardelisa* shall then  
' know

*the Count de Vinevil.* 23

‘ know her Happiness. Till he reveal it himself; not all the Wealth, the damning Gold, that would procure a Set of Courtiers great enough to depose a Christian King, or to create two new ones, should seduce me to reveal his Secret; tho I am sure to fall a Victim by his Hand, whenever he is displeased, or would divert himself with dooming me to die. Farewel Christian, take care, and blush to think we both despise your Faith and you.’

He left them much amaz’d; they went to *Ardelisa* in her Chamber, and there opening the Gold Box, they found inclos’d the Picture of a young *Turk*, set round with Diamonds of great Price. Just at this Instant the old Lord was called by *Nannetta* to the *French* Consul, who wanted to speak with him; he leaving the Room, the young Count throwing himself at his Mistress’s Feet, said, ‘ Now, my *Ardelisa*, my prophetick Fears are verifi’d, now what Course shall we take? ‘ Why

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‘ Why does Christianity forbid me  
 ‘ to prevent your Ruin and my own  
 ‘ by a noble Death? Where shall  
 ‘ we fly to? Oh! now deny me not  
 ‘ one last request; this Night, this  
 ‘ Hour, prevent my Dishonour, and  
 ‘ let us marry. Stay not, for a foo-  
 ‘ lish Modesty, till you are ravish’d  
 ‘ from me; then we may with Ho-  
 ‘ nour go together, wherever cruel  
 ‘ Fate shall drive us.’ Here he em-  
 ‘ brac’d her tenderly, and she reply’d,  
 ‘ My dear Lord, I am at my Father’s  
 ‘ and your Dispose, I will no lon-  
 ‘ ger deny you any thing. May  
 ‘ Heaven prosper our virtuous Uni-  
 ‘ on, and preserve my Person al-  
 ‘ ways yours.’ At these words the  
 old Lord enter’d the Room, to in-  
 form them what the Consul was  
 come about: ‘ He tells me, *said he*,  
 ‘ that he is secretly advertis’d, that  
 ‘ there is some Design of seizing  
 ‘ our ship as it lies in the Harbour,  
 ‘ by means of some *Turkish* Bassa,  
 ‘ but he can’t yet discover who;  
 ‘ and counsels me to send you, my  
 ‘ Son, immediately aboard, with  
 I what

‘ what Goods we have proper for the  
‘ *Spanish* Trade, and that you sail  
‘ for the first Port there, or in *Italy*;  
‘ which you may reach in few days;  
‘ and stay there till I and my Daugh-  
‘ ter can secretly get off with the  
‘ remainder of our Effects, which  
‘ he will dispose of for us as his  
‘ own. Now therefore, my dear  
‘ Children, let us resolve what to  
‘ do; too late I see my Rashness, for  
‘ which I know you must condemn  
‘ me: but forgive me, and reproach  
‘ me not, say what’s best to be done.’

The young Lord answered, ‘ My  
‘ honour’d Father, first make *Arde-*  
‘ *lisa* mine, send for the Consul’s  
‘ Priest, and marry us, that I may  
‘ not be so wretched to lose her unen-  
‘ joy’d. Next let us go aboard in  
‘ the dead of the Night, and leave  
‘ this fatal Place.’ ‘ Alas! answered  
‘ *the Count*, my Son, that is impos-  
‘ sible, your first Request is just, and  
‘ shall be instantly comply’d with;  
‘ but what you last advise is imprac-  
‘ ticable. You know no Ship can  
‘ go into this Port, or out, but must

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'first pass Examination; they will  
 'not stop you, but rather will be  
 'pleas'd with your Absence. You  
 'therefore can with Safety carry off  
 'what is most valuable of our Ef-  
 'fects, and stay at some Port, to  
 'which we will follow you; from  
 'thence we will return to *France*.  
 'No, my Father, *said the young*  
 '*Lord*, I can't consent to leave you;  
 'the Consequence of that must be  
 'her Ruin, and your Death; but  
 'this I will do, I will this Night go  
 'on board the Ship with our best  
 'Effects, under pretence of going  
 'to trade; thus I shall pass safely  
 'out of the Port, at some distance  
 'from which I will lie at Anchor;  
 'till you and *Ardelisa* come to me,  
 'which you shall do in this manner:  
 'To-morrow in the Afternoon you  
 'shall borrow the Consul's Boat, pre-  
 'tending you are going to take the  
 'Air on the Water for pleasure, so  
 'you may get an Opportunity of  
 'escaping to me.' This the old  
 'Count agreed to, and the same  
 'Evening the Priest made the lovely  
*Ardelisa*

*The Count de Vinevil.* 27

*Ardelisa* Wife to the generous *Longueville*, the Time and Circumstances requiring Haste and Secrecy. After Supper the Servants pack'd up what was least cumbersome, and most valuable; the Consul accompany'd the young Lord to the Bassa of the Port's House, who easily granted them the Passports proper for *Longueville's* Departure with the Ship and Goods. In the Night he took leave of his Bride and Father with much Concern and Disorder: ' Now, *said he*, my charming *Ardelisa*, whom Heaven has ' this happy Day made mine, I am ' going from you for some tedious ' Hours, which I shall pass with an ' Impatience and Concern which ' words cannot express: May Angels guard you and conduct you to ' my longing Arms again: but if ' some dreadful Chance prevents our ' meeting, remember both your Duty to yourself and me. Permit ' not a vile Infidel to dishonour you, ' resist to Death, and let me not be ' so compleatly curs'd, to hear you  
B 2 ' live,

live, and are debauch'd. My Soul  
is fill'd with unaccustom'd Fears :  
Forgive me, *Ardelisa*, I know your  
Virtue's strong, tho you are weak,  
but Force does oft prevail. We  
are now on the Crisis of our  
Fate, 'tis a bold Venture that I  
run to leave you here ; but if I  
stay, we are sure of Ruin. To  
keep you, I must leave you ; in  
Providence is all my Hope ; if we  
do meet no more, to God I'll dedi-  
cate the wretched Hours I shall  
survive you, and never know a  
second Choice.' At these words he  
took her in his Arms, whilst she, all  
drown'd in Tears, said, ' Why, my  
dear Lord, do you anticipate Mis-  
fortunes ? Why doubt that Provi-  
dence which has preserv'd us com-  
ing hither, and will, I hope, pre-  
vent our Ruin ? Fear not my Vir-  
tue : I'm resolv'd never to yield  
whilst Life shall last. I applaud  
your Resolution, and shall prove  
I'm worthy you. Go, since there  
is no other way to save us, and by  
these fond Delays waste not the  
Time

*the Count de Vinevil.* 29

• Time Fate points us out for our  
• Escape, before the vicious Infidel  
• gets knowledge of our Design.  
At this he loos'd her from his Arms,  
and, turning from her, wiped the  
falling Drops from his Eyes, whilst  
the old Count embrac'd him with  
all the Tendernefs of Friendship,  
and fuch Affection as Fathers have  
for only Sons, faying, ' A thousand  
' Blessings follow you, my Son, and  
' prosper what we do.' At these  
words the young Lord bow'd, and  
went to the Boat, follow'd by the  
Boatswain only, the Captain and  
part of the Men being gone before  
on board. He arriv'd safe into the  
Ship, and fell down at break of day,  
passing the Castles, into the Road,  
where he cast Anehor.

B 3

CHAP.



## CHAP. II.

**A**N D now the Sun rising, the young Lord began to count each Minute, still looking out to see if the wish'd-for Boat appear'd; but Providence, that was resolv'd to try his Faith and Virtue, determin'd to separate him and *Ardelisa*. A dreadful Storm arose at Noon, so violent, that Cables could no longer hold the labouring Vessel, the Anchors broke their Hold, the Ship was drove into the open Seas, and in few Hours lost sight of all the *Turkish* Coast. Eighteen days they sail'd, and then got sight of *Leghorn*, into which they gladly put, to get Refreshments, and repair the shatter'd Vessel, which had lost all her Masts and Rigging.

Here they were constrain'd to stay to refit fourteen days more; and then, contrary to the Captain's Advice, *Longueville*, whose uneasy  
State

State of Mind it is impossible for words to describe, commanded them to return to *Constantinople*; leaving here, with the *French* Consul, the Money and Goods they had brought from *Turkey*, for which place they again set Sail; where we shall leave them pursuing their Voyage, and return to the old Count and *Ardelisa*.

No sooner was the young Lord gone abroad, but the Count *de Vinevil* reflecting upon their Danger, told *Ardelisa*, 'He did not think it  
'advisable for her to stay that Night  
'in the House.' So he call'd *Nannetta* and *Joseph*, and bid them go with her to the Consul's, whither he would come in the morning, to consult how to accomplish what they design'd. She much intreated her Father to go with her; but he answer'd, 'No, my dear Child, it is  
'no ways safe for me to leave the  
'House; for should the Bassa of the  
'Port send Spies, my Presence would  
'prevent their suspecting our De-  
'sign of going away; if you are  
'ask'd for, I can plead your being

' in bed, as a just Excuse for your  
 ' not appearing; me they have no  
 ' reason to hate.' These Reasons  
 made her (tho with great reluct-  
 tance) consent to go without him;  
 shedding a Flood of Tears, she em-  
 brac'd him, saying, ' Adieu, my  
 ' dear Lord and Father, may the at-  
 ' tending Angels keep us, and blast our  
 ' Enemies bad Designs against us.'  
 He bless'd her, and they parted, ne-  
 ver, alas! to meet again, for Fate  
 had so decreed. The Count and Ser-  
 vants busy'd in packing up what yet  
 remain'd in the House, *Ardelisa*  
 having carry'd only the small Cabi-  
 net of Jewels, with about a thou-  
 sand Pistoles in hers and the Maids  
 Pockets, they shut all the Doors and  
 Windows fast, to avoid Discovery;  
 but it was not long before some body  
 knock'd with such Fury at the  
 Gate, that they all stood looking  
 with Amazement on one another.  
 At last the Count bid them go see  
 what was the matter: The Ser-  
 vant, who went to the Gate, de-  
 manded civilly, Who was there?  
 thinking

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thinking it might be the young Lord return'd, or *Ardelisa*; but he was soon answer'd by the enrag'd *Mahomet*, who having been inform'd by his Slave of what had pass'd betwixt *Longueville* and him, was resolv'd to gratify his Love and Revenge together: In order to which, he design'd the seizing the Ship to prevent their Escape, and then caus'd this Rumour to be spread, in hopes it would drive *Longueville* to fly with her, that so he might have a just Pretence to seize them; but finding he went alone, and that the Lady and her Father staid behind, he resolv'd to give them this Visit in the dead of the Night, not doubting to find them defenceless; and besides, whatever Violence he should then commit, would be better conceal'd, being not willing to occasion a Quarrel betwixt his Emperor and *France*; or what was more certain lose his own Life by the Bow-string, if Justice were requir'd by the *French* Ambassador. To prevent all which fatal Consequences, he determin'd

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to kill the old Lord and Servants, carry off the Lady, and leave none in the House to betray him. With this villainous Intent he came, attended with his bloody Vassals, whom the Fear of Death had so possess'd, that they dar'd not fail to act whatever Villainy he commanded. *Mahomet* bid the Servant open the Gate that moment, or he would force his way in with Fire and Sword.

At these words the poor Boy fled into the House, to give his Lord notice; but the fatal Message had scarce past his trembling Lips, when they heard the Gate broke open, and saw the merciless *Turks* enter the House; *Mahomet* crying, ' Secure the Christian Dogs; by *Mahomet*! if one escape alive, besides the Lady, your forfeit Lives shall answer it.' At these words they laid hands on the amaz'd Servants, with their drawn Scymitars in hand. The old Lord, whose noble Soul disdain'd to shrink, step'd boldly to him, saying, ' Insolent Lord! what have

*the Count de Vinevil.* 35

have we done to injure thee? Why  
are we treated thus? Natives of  
*France*, and Friends to your great  
Emperor and you; if I, or mine  
have injur'd you, you have a Right,  
as well as we, to procure Justice  
on us: speak, what is our Crime?  
*Mahomet* clapping his Dagger to his  
Breast, reply'd, 'Do you ask Ques-  
tions, Fool? show me to your  
Daughter's Bed, and, with her  
Honour, buy that Life, which I,  
on any other Terms, won't spare.  
Make me happy in her Arms, and  
silently conceal all that shall pass  
this Night, or I will plunge this  
Dagger in your Heart, leave no-  
thing here but speechless Ghosts,  
and murder'd Carcasses; then with  
*Ardelisa* I'll return to my own Pa-  
lace, and there force her to give  
all her Treasures up to me, and  
glut myself in her Embraces.'  
The Count *de Vinevil*, with a Look  
that spoke Disdain and Rage, re-  
ply'd, 'No, Villain! *Ardelisa* ne-  
ver shall be thine; not Empires, nor  
the Dread of any Death thy cur-  
' fed

' fed Fury could invent, should make  
 ' me but in thought consent to such  
 ' a Deed: Life is a Trifle weigh'd  
 ' with Infamy; the God I serve shall  
 ' both preserve her Vertue, and re-  
 ' venge my Death: My Daughter is  
 ' not educated so, and will, I know,  
 ' prefer a noble Death to such Dis-  
 ' honour.' *Mahomet* enrag'd, cry'd,  
 ' Slaves! go, search the Chambers,  
 ' and bring her naked from her Bed,  
 ' that I may ravish her before the  
 ' Dotard's Face, and then send his  
 ' Soul to Hell.' At this the old Lord  
 ' smil'd, and lifting up his Hands to  
 ' Heaven, cry'd, ' 'Tis just, my God,  
 ' that I, who have thus expos'd my  
 ' Child, should first feel the Misery  
 ' my Rashness merits, but do not let  
 ' her perish here: Preserve her, Great  
 ' Creator, from the Lust and Rage  
 ' of these vile Infidels, and let thy  
 ' Angels guide her home again; let  
 ' my Blood expiate all my Sins,  
 ' and give me Courage in this great  
 ' Extremity.' At these words the  
*Turks*, who had in vain search'd all  
 the House, assur'd their Lord, That  
*Arde-*

*Ardelisa* was not there: 'Die then,  
' (*said he to the old Count*) here  
' I'll begin my Vengeance.' At these  
words the cruel *Mahometan* plung'd  
his Dagger into his Breast; at which  
the old Lord fell, crying, *Mercy, my*  
*Saviour!* The Slaves soon dis-  
patch'd the innocent Servants, who  
in vain implor'd their Pity; then  
they proceeded to plunder the House,  
after which they shut the Doors af-  
ter them, and departed: *Mahomet*  
swearing, he would find *Ardelisa*,  
or destroy all the *Frenchmen* in  
*Constantinople*.



C H A P. III.

**W**HILST this Tragick Scene  
was acting, the innocent  
*Ardelisa*, having recommended her-  
self to Heaven, was sleeping in her  
Bed, and dreamt her Father called  
her, in a distant Room, to come to  
him. She fancy'd she ran thither,  
and saw him all over Blood and  
Wounds,

Wounds, at which he vanish'd from her; then found herself with Strangers in a wild desolate Place, where they were in great Distress for Food, and knew not where to go; she starting, waked, and, in much Disorder, finding it was day, she rose, calling *Nannetta*, who was up already: 'Oh *Nanon*, said she, I've ' had a dismal Dream; make haste, ' and send *Joseph* to see if my dear ' Father's stirring yet.' The Maid was going, when the Consul's Lady, entring the Chamber all in Tears, said, ' Dear *Ardelisa*, I have News ' to tell you, that a Virtue less than ' yours could not support. Now ' summon all your Reason and Religion to your Aid, and to that God ' submit, who has this dreadful Night ' preserv'd you.' 'Alas! Madam, ' I too well understand you, she reply'd, my Father's murder'd.' She at these words fell into a Swoon, out of which, with difficulty, they recover'd her; returning to Life, she fell into such moving Lamentations, such extreme, tho' modest Sorrow, that

that would have made even the  
cruel Infelds; could they have seen  
her, melt, and feel Remorse. The  
Lady comforted her all she could,  
telling her, 'She must now think  
' of her own Preservation; in order  
' to which, the Boy and Maid must  
' not be seen to stir abroad: Says  
' she Monsieur de Joyeuse, who liv-  
' ing near your Father, first heard  
' the dreadful News, just now sent  
' a Servant to acquaint us, that your  
' Father and you were murder'd,  
' with all the Servants, and the  
' House plunder'd; but that nobody  
' could tell by whom. Those that  
' have done this hellish Deed, will  
' doubtless lie in wait for you. Let  
' us permit this Report of your Death  
' to spread, that we may get you se-  
' cretly convey'd to some distant  
' Port, from whence you may get off  
' safely.' 'Alas! Madam, *said she,*  
' your Goodness will expose you  
' and your Family to Ruin; were I  
' so ungrateful as to accept it, my  
' staying in your House would un-  
' do you. No, Madam, God forbid

' I

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' I should involve you in my unhap-  
 ' py Fate: It is my Ruin the fierce  
 ' Villain seeks, my fatal Face has  
 ' been our Destruction. Had I not  
 ' left my Father, we had nobly died  
 ' together; the only Favour I can  
 ' ask of you, with Honour, is, to let  
 ' me depart ere I'm discover'd:  
 ' Procure me but the Habit of a  
 ' Man, the Boy and I will venture  
 ' to feign ourselves belonging to  
 ' some Ship that now lies in the  
 ' Road; if we are taken, we can  
 ' only die; if we escape, Money  
 ' shall bribe the Captain, where we  
 ' get aboard, to put us safe into my  
 ' dear Lord's Ship.' ' No, Madam,  
 ' *reply'd the Lady*, your Life's too  
 ' precious to be risqued in such a  
 ' manner. We have a Country-  
 ' house within thirty miles of this Ci-  
 ' ty, at a Village called *Domez-*  
 ' *Dure*, thither I will this night  
 ' send you and your Servants; you  
 ' and *Nannetta* shall be dress'd  
 ' like Men, and *Joseph* shall black  
 ' his Face and Hands like *Do-*  
 ' *mingo* our Slave: so you shall  
 ' feign

*the Count de Vinevil.* 41

feign yourself very sick, and in  
our Horse-Litter shall be convey'd  
thither; there you may continue  
in Safety, till a fit Opportunity  
presents to get you off: our Boat  
shall about Noon go off, and ac-  
quaint your Lord with all that has  
happen'd, and bid him put off to  
Sea, and make away for some o-  
ther Port, where he may, some  
days hence, drop in with his Boat,  
and receive you. Perhaps, by that  
time, he whom we suspect to have  
done this Villany, the Bassa *Ibra-*  
*him's* Son, who, it seems, was  
seen last Night attended with his  
Slaves late in the Streets, may be  
commanded hence to the Army,  
and then you may go away safely."

||| This Offer *Ardelisa* accepted of,  
with many Acknowledgments, and  
the Consul's Lady left the Room, to  
acquaint the Consul what they had  
determin'd to do, leaving *Ardelisa*  
on her Bed, overwhelm'd with  
Grief. The Maid soon pack'd up  
the things, Mens Habits were brought,  
and she and her Lady, who seem'd  
half

half dead, dress'd, and put into the Litter with *Joseph* walking by the Side, so black, that he appear'd a perfect *Moor*. They arriv'd safe at the Country-House, where *Ardelisa* fell sick, and remain'd much longer than she expected. The same day she went from *Constantinople*, the Storm prevented the Consul's Boat from giving the Lord *Longueville* notice of what was past, and he was drove out to Sea, as is before recited.



#### CH A P. IV.

**M**ANY Spies were employ'd by *Mahomet* to get Intelligence of *Ardelisa*; and the same Evening of the Day she vent away, the Consul's House was search'd, under pretence of his Servants having conceal'd a *Turkish* Slave, whom the Bassa of the Port pretended his Son had lost; so that it was a great Providence for her, and the Family, she

he was not there. Whilst he lay sick at *Domez-Dure*, *Joseph*, the fictitious Black us'd frequently to go about the Town for Provisions, and became well acquainted with all the Country thereabouts. It chanced one Day, that as he was going to a Village near the Sea, he saw some Troops of *Turks* going along the Road; and fearing to be question'd, he retir'd into a thick Wood: which, viewing well, he thought he perceiv'd something like a House: but so cover'd with Trees and Bushes, that he could scarce discern it. Curiosity made him venture to go farther, and coming into the midst of the Wood, he saw a small Cottage, into which he enter'd by a Door that stood a-jar. He stop'd a-while to hear if any Creature mov'd in it; but finding all things in silence, he enter'd and there found two little, but convenient Rooms, with a little Table, three low Stools, a Fire-Place, some Earthen-Dishes, a Knife, Fork, and Spoon of Silver, and a little Pot; and in the inner Room,

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a Matress, laid on some Rushes, with a Quilt and Sheets; a Box, in which he found some Linen, and some Books of Devotion in the *Latin* Tongue, with a Crucifix: but no Person being there, he concluded some Christian Slave had escap'd, and liv'd there conceal'd. The Soldiers, as he suppos'd, being now gone, he return'd to the Road, pursu'd his Journey, and went home, relating to his Lady and *Nannetta* what he had seen in the Wood; adding, 'My honour'd Lady, should we be pursu'd hither, it were a most safe Retreat for you to fly to.'

Some days they continu'd undisturb'd, *Joseph* frequently going to the Consul's, to learn News of his Lord, but in vain. Sometimes *Ardelisa* tormented her self, with thinking he perish'd in the dreadful Storm; but, on Reflection, thought again, some Token of the Wreck would sure have appear'd, being so near the Shore. Then she concluded he was drove to Sea. But at length, *Joseph* going to the Consul's,

*the Count de Vinevil.* 45

ful's, chanc'd to overtake a Slave,  
who was going the same way; with  
whom falling in Talk, he ask'd him,  
' Whither he was going, and from  
' whence he came?' ' From *Do-*  
' *mez-Dure*, said he, where I have  
' been to view a *Frenchman's*  
' Country-house, and have found  
' what I wanted, for which my  
' Lord will pay me nobly.'

I don't doubt these words struck  
*Joseph* like a Thunderbolt, ? he, re-  
collecting himself, said, ' Friend  
' will you drink a Dram with me;  
' here, said he, (pulling a little  
Bottle full of good Wine out of his  
Pocket) ' come let us sit down un-  
' der this Tree, and rest a-while.'  
The *Turk* suspecting nothing, and  
tempted with the Opportunity of  
drinking Wine, consented; and *Jo-*  
*seph*, as he lifted the Bottle to his  
Head, stabb'd him to the Heart with  
his Knife:-- ' Go, Dog, said he, go  
' bear thy Message to the Prince of  
' Hell, there look Reward.' The  
*Turk* cry'd, ' 'Tis just, Great Pro-  
' phet! Youth, I envy thee the  
' Deed;

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‘ Deed; so should the Fool be serv’d  
 ‘ that tells his Master’s Secret: much  
 ‘ Christian Blood I’ve spilt, and  
 ‘ thou hast punish’d me. Tell *Ar-*  
 ‘ *delisa*, if you do, as I suppose, be-  
 ‘ long to her, she is not safe at *Do-*  
 ‘ *mez-Dure*; I can no more.’ He in  
 few minutes died; whilst *Joseph*,  
 turning back, fled, to forewarn his  
 Lady to be gone.

He had no sooner told the Story,  
 but a death-like Paleness overspread  
 her Face, and poor *Nannetta* could  
 not speak: ‘ Dear God, ’ cry’d *Arde-*  
 ‘ *lisa*, ‘ where shall I fly? what must  
 ‘ I do?’ ‘ Madam,’ cry’d the faith-  
 ‘ ful Boy, ‘ this Night fly to the Cot-  
 ‘ tage in the Wood; the Slave, pre-  
 ‘ vented from delivering his Message,  
 ‘ gains us time.’ ‘ But, alas!’ said  
 ‘ she, , whom may we find in that  
 ‘ sad Place?’ ‘ None but a Chris-  
 ‘ tian, he reply’d, for such I’m sure  
 ‘ he must be, by what I saw, if any  
 ‘ body lives there now. I will go hide  
 ‘ myself in the Wood, and wait, to  
 ‘ see if any one come in or out, and  
 ‘ speak to the Person; and if I see  
 ‘ any,

‘any, then return to let you know  
‘what is best to be done. Here we  
‘must not stay much longer, the  
‘dead Slave will be found, and some  
‘other sent; it is enough that this  
‘Place is suspected, and God, by my  
‘Hand, has given us this time to  
‘think and escape.’

Having eat something, he departed, leaving *Ardelisa* much distracted in her Thoughts. He had not waited long in the Wood, before he saw a Man come forth of the Cottage, in the Habit of a *Santom*, or religious *Turk*, with Sandals on his Feet, his Face pale and meagre; he had in his Hand a Piece of Bread, he lift up his Eyes to Heaven, sigh’d deeply, cross’d his Breast, and began to eat. *Joseph*, who at first fear’d he had been a *Mahometan*, was now overjoy’d; and stepping from behind the Tree, where he had stood concealed, threw himself at his Feet, saying, ‘Christian and  
‘Friend, fear me not, but let us go  
‘in and talk, and I will shew you a  
‘way to preserve Lives that may be  
‘of

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‘ of great use to you.’ At these words the Hermit view’d him with much Attention; and tho’ greatly surpriz’d to hear him speak, yet as a Man, to whom Death itself would not be terrible, answer’d, ‘ Speak on.’ ‘ Father, *said the Boy,* ’tis ‘ dangerous for us to talk here.’ At this they enter’d the House, where he told the Hermit, ‘ That a Christian Lady, a Maid-Servant, and ‘ himself, begg’d to be shelter’d there, ‘ till they might find means to get ‘ off at a Sea-port, to return to ‘ France.’ ‘ To France (*said the Hermit*) Moor, for why?’ ‘ Because we are all Natives of that ‘ Place,’ *reply’d the Boy.* ‘ Your ‘ Lady’s Name,’ *said the Hermit?* ‘ My dear Lord was *de Vinevil,*’ the Youth *reply’d,* ‘ and I a luckless ‘ Lad, who here have lost him.’ At these words he wept. ‘ Alas ‘ sweet Boy, *said he,* I knew him! ‘ well; all that are his, I love, and ‘ will refuse no Kindness to.’

The Boy, at these words, looking earnestly on him, knew him to be a Priest

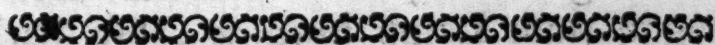
Priest born in *Picardy*, who went  
a Missionary to *Japan* about ten  
Years before: ' Father *Francis*,  
' *said he*, how bless'd am I to see  
' you, tho in this sad Place? How  
' came you here; and by what Pro-  
' vidence preserv'd? The joyful  
Priest embracing him, perceiv'd he  
was no Black, and said thus: ' A  
' cruel Storm, in our Return to  
' *France*, drove our Vessel on this  
' Coast, where a few of us were pre-  
' serv'd from Death, but not from  
' cruel Usage: We were but five,  
' and soon were separated; three  
' dy'd, I and my Brother *James* a  
' *Turk* brought to *Constantinople*,  
' under pretence of Kindness; then  
' demanded a Ransom most exorbi-  
' tant, which we protesting that  
' we could not pay, he loaded us  
' with Chains, threw us into a nast-  
' ty Vault, where we remain'd, sus-  
' tain'd with Bread and Water, till  
' he fear'd our Deaths. Then he  
' remov'd us to his Gardens in the  
' Country, where he made us work  
' as Slaves; till, weary of our Lives,  
C we

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‘ we resolutely leap’d the Wall, and  
 ‘ fled; and meeting with this Wood  
 ‘ in our way, staid here to rest, not  
 ‘ being able to go farther. My Bro-  
 ‘ ther, stripping off his Coat, e’en  
 ‘ nak’d, enter’d the Village beg-  
 ‘ ging, to prevent our perishing for  
 ‘ Food, pretending Sanctity and Vows  
 ‘ to *Mahomet*. The Charitable Vil-  
 ‘ lagers supplying his Wants with  
 ‘ Food and Raiment, he return’d  
 ‘ loaded to me. Thus were we en-  
 ‘ courag’d to erect this homely Cell,  
 ‘ with Boughs and Boards we beg-  
 ‘ ged, to shield us from the Winter-  
 ‘ Rains and Cold. Thus we liv’d  
 ‘ three Months together, when he  
 ‘ fell sick, and dy’d; for six Months  
 ‘ since I’ve liv’d by begging as be-  
 ‘ fore, but ne’er discover’d where I  
 ‘ dwell. I go each Morning forth,  
 ‘ and roam about, or sometimes sit  
 ‘ under some Tree to rest, but don’t  
 ‘ return hither till Night.’

The Boy, thus satisfy’d, told all  
 that related to his Lady; telling  
 him withal, ‘ They had much Trea-  
 ‘ sure, that he might, with less  
 ‘ Suspicion

‘ Suspicion than they, visit the next  
‘ Port, and find a way both to deli-  
‘ ver himself and them; and that he  
‘ expected his Lord in a Ship belong-  
‘ ing to them, of which he should  
‘ have Intelligence from *Constanti-*  
‘ *nople.*’ He answer’d, ‘ Child, you  
‘ need not urge these Reasons, since  
‘ God, who has preserv’d me here  
‘ so long, requires that I should as-  
‘ sist others in Distress. Go, bring  
‘ your Lady hither, and may the  
‘ Angels guide and keep us whilst  
‘ we stay, and give us Opportunity  
‘ to escape from hence. Be gone; I  
‘ must, as usual, go my Round, and  
‘ shall be back at Night.’ He gave  
his Blessing to the Youth, and so they  
parted.



C H A P. V.

**J**OSEPH returning home, gave  
his Lady an Account of the sur-  
prizing things he had met with  
in the Wood; and she, lifting her  
C 2 Hands

Hands to Heaven, said, ' Now, my  
' Great Deliverer, whose Provi-  
' dence has provided me this Re-  
' treat, keep me and mine : guided  
' by thee, I cannot be unfortunate.'

At night they left the House, taking  
their Money and Jewels; and get-  
ting safely to the Wood, found the  
good Father waiting at his Cot-  
tage-Door, who receiv'd them with  
a Joy and Civility suiting the polite  
Education he had receiv'd. He em-  
brac'd *Ardelisa* with a Concern,  
that called the Blood into his pale  
Cheeks, and shew'd how dear her  
Father was to him : ' Welcome, said

' *he*, Daughter of my dearest Friend ;  
' this Place, and the poor Master of  
' it, is devoted to your Service.'

Leading her in, he seated her, hav-  
ing a poor Lamp burning : He had  
deck'd his little Cell as well as he  
could, having, in one Corner of the  
Out-Room, laid a Bed of Rushes  
for the Boy and him to lie on; and  
made a Door to the Inner-Room of  
plaited Rushes, to render it more  
private, that she and her Maid, who  
wore

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wore their Mens Clothes, might undress, and rise, without being seen. He then reach'd a Bottle of Wine, which he had kept there, with some Bread, for fear he should fall sick, and not be able to go out some Days; with a Cup they drank, and, after some Discourse, the Lady retir'd to Rest.

The next Morning the Boy and Priest went forth early: At Noon the Lad return'd, bringing Provisions for three days. They bury'd their Gold in a Hole, under their Bed, in the Inner-Room; and their Jewels behind the Cottage in a hollow Tree, covering the Box so carefully with Leaves and Earth, which they fill'd up the Hollow with, that it was almost impossible for others to find them; and in the Evening the Boy set out for *Constantinople*, to see if there was any News of his Lord and the Ship, as also to inform the Consul of their Departure from his Country-house, and new Habitation.

The Lady and her Maid thus left alone, pass'd the time in Prayer and

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Discourse, wherein they convers'd so piously, and express'd themselves so excellently, that it is pity the World is not favour'd with a Recital of all they said: for *Nannetta* was a Maid whose Education had been noble, her Birth not mean, and indeed *Ardelisa* ow'd to her, in great part, the exalted Principles and Sentiments she possess'd, she having had the Care of her in her Infancy; they eat together, and *Ardelisa* forgot all Distinctions, only *Nannetta's* Respect increas'd with her Mistress's Favour. At night they were glad to see the good Father return home; he told them, ' He had learn'd what ought to fill  
' their Souls with fresh Acknowledg-  
' ments to God, who had that Day  
' miraculously preserv'd them: So  
' soon, *says he*, as I enter'd the  
' Village, I found the People all in  
' an Uproar, and their Eyes and  
' Steps were all directed to the  
' House you left, where a Band of  
' *Turkish* Soldiers were rifling and  
' searching all the Rooms and Gar-  
' dens,

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dens, headed by a Man, who, by  
the Respect they shew'd him,  
seem'd of no small Quality. I  
staid at some distance to observe  
what pass'd, and after some time,  
saw them depart in much Disorder,  
and he in the utmost Rage,  
swearing by *Mahomet*, He would  
destroy the Village, if he found  
you not soon. The People star'd  
upon one another, and separated.  
I ask'd no Questions, but, as usual,  
walk'd forward, seeming to mumble  
my Orisons, and receiving the  
Alms of those who call'd me. I  
would advise you, Madam, *contin-*  
*u'd he*, not to stir forth of the  
House some days; I will go to the  
next Sea-Port, to see if any Ship  
be there belonging to *Spain*,  
*France*, *Holland*, or *England*, in  
either of which we may escape, after  
*Joseph* is return'd.' *Ardelisa*  
then besought him to take five Pieces  
of Gold, to serve his Necessities:  
No, my Child, *said he*, the Pro-  
vidence of God shall provide for  
me, Money would render me sus-

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‘pected, this Habit is my Passport  
‘here, I pray God to keep you in  
‘my Absence, and prosper my Jour-  
‘ney.’ They supp’d, pray’d, and  
went to Repose, and before Day the  
Hermit departed.



C H A P. VI.

**A**T the end of three Days *Joseph*  
return’d to his Lady, and re-  
lated the unhappy News he brought  
after this manner: ‘My dear La-  
‘dy, *said he*, the Consul and his  
‘Lady are in Health, are much  
‘transported at your Safety, and  
‘send you word my Lord was well  
‘some days ago, and is so still, they  
‘hope.’ ‘Is he then alive, and  
‘here? *she cry’d*; then I am hap-  
‘py.’ ‘He was well, *reply’d the*  
‘*Boy*, and was here, but is departed,  
‘Madam: His Ship was drove so  
‘far out to Sea in the Storm, that he  
‘was oblig’d to make the first Port,  
‘which prov’d *Leghorne*, where  
‘the

‘ the Ship was repair’d and victu-  
‘ all’d again. Thence he return’d  
‘ to *Constantinople*, but enter’d not  
‘ the Port, fearing Discovery. At  
‘ Evening he sent his Boat ashore,  
‘ ordering the Crew to report, when  
‘ ask’d, that he was dead, and that  
‘ the Captain of the Ship came there  
‘ only to trade. The Coxswain was  
‘ order’d to go to Monsieur *de Joy-*  
‘ *euxe’s* House, to enquire for my old  
‘ Lord and you. They there in-  
‘ form’d him, that he, you, and all  
‘ the Family were murder’d the  
‘ same fatal Night he left you, and  
‘ that he counsell’d my Lord to get  
‘ off the Coast immediately, and re-  
‘ turn to *France*, where Monsieur  
‘ *de Joyeuxe* and his Family hoped  
‘ ere long to see him, designing to  
‘ return thither next Year. The  
‘ Coxswain return’d to the Ship  
‘ with this Message, upon which they  
‘ set Sail, and are doubtless gone  
‘ home to *France*. The Consul  
‘ heard nothing of the Ship’s Arrival,  
‘ till Monsieur *de Joyeuxe* sent him  
‘ this Account. The Consul has

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‘ sent a Letter by the Ambassador’s  
 ‘ Packet, which he hopes will meet  
 ‘ him in *Picardy*, to inform him,  
 ‘ that you are living, and the Con-  
 ‘ sul will take care to inform you of  
 ‘ the first Opportunity to get off for  
 ‘ *France*: mean time he is ready  
 ‘ to serve you in all things, and  
 ‘ hopes it will not be long before he  
 ‘ shall be able to send you word,  
 ‘ that your Enemy is gone to the  
 ‘ Army, and that you may safely re-  
 ‘ turn to *Constantinople*.’

‘ Alas! my God, *answer’d* Arde-  
 ‘ lisa, when will my Sorrows end?  
 ‘ Thankful I am that my dear Lord  
 ‘ still lives, but why did he depart  
 ‘ without me? That he lives, said  
 ‘ I! Alas! Grief has perhaps ere  
 ‘ this finish’d his Life and Sorrows,  
 ‘ and I have little or no hopes of ever  
 ‘ seeing him again.’ Here Tears  
 stopp’d her from proceeding, and  
 poor *Joseph* and *Nannetta* strove to  
 comfort her all they were able.

The same Night the good Priest  
 return’d, but brought no News of  
 any Ship; to him they related what  
 the

the Boy had learned at the City. He counsell'd *Ardelisa* to trust in Providence, and rest satisfy'd: ' My  
' dear Children, *said he*, this Life  
' is attended with nothing but Un-  
' certainties, and full of Sorrows;  
' the Enjoyments of it are short and  
' transitory. In all our Affections  
' and Friendships here with one an-  
' other, we should have a future  
' View, and manifest that Love, by  
' being instrumental to one another's  
' eternal Welfare. Our wise Crea-  
' tor inclin'd us to love one another  
' so tenderly, with a more glorious  
' Design than that of only propaga-  
' ting Mankind; it was to render us  
' useful to each other in the greatest  
' Concern of Life, that of obtaining  
' eternal Happiness; whilst this is  
' our Aim, no Separation can be  
' grievous, nor the Death of what  
' we love cast us down: He that  
' leads the Person he pretends to love  
' into Sin, acts the Devil's part, and  
' is his greatest Enemy. I remem-  
' ber my dead Friends as my greatest  
' Treasures, which I hope to enjoy,  
' when

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‘ when we wake together; so you  
 ‘ *Ardelisa* must do, and if Heaven  
 ‘ denies you the sight of a loved  
 ‘ Husband here, consider, in a little  
 ‘ while, he will be restor’d to you  
 ‘ so improv’d, that your Joy and  
 ‘ Friendship shall be eternal: this  
 ‘ those who live as, and are Chris-  
 ‘ tians, are certain of.’ ‘ What Hea-  
 ‘ venly Sounds are these? *said Arde-*  
 ‘ *lisa*: your Words convey a Balm  
 ‘ into my sickly wounded Soul, have  
 ‘ still’d my Passions, and cur’d my  
 ‘ Frailty: yes, Father, I submit,  
 ‘ and Death itself will, I hope, find  
 ‘ me well prepar’d.’ These heaven-  
 ly Conversations they continu’d dai-  
 ly, and, betwixt the pious Father  
 and the Boy, were well supply’d  
 with necessary Food. *Ardelisa* and  
 the Maid ventur’d not out at any  
 distance from the House: One Even-  
 ing they were surpriz’d with hear-  
 ing a hollowing in the Wood; they  
 look’d upon one another as Persons  
 apprehensive of some great Misfor-  
 tune; but the Noise coming nearer,  
 the good Father being not return’d  
 home,

home, the Boy went boldly out, and saw something like a Man on Horseback. He went up to him, saying, 'In the name of God, what would you have?' This he spoke in the *Turkish* Language; but the Man reply'd in *French*, 'Are you not *Joseph*? if so, bring me to your Lady.' The Boy said, 'Who do you belong to?' 'The Consul,' said he. At these words he knew him, and said, 'Domingo, you're welcome.' The Horseman taking his Hand, said, 'How fares your Lady? *Mahomet*, her Enemy, is gone for the Army, a *French* Ship is in the Harbour, and I have brought the Horse-Litter to our Country-House, with Horses for the good Father, you and I. Bring your Lady thither presently, and to-morrow we'll return to *Constantinople*. By this time they came to the House, from whence the Servant return'd to the Village; and the little Family packing up what they had brought, designing to leave one of the Consul's Servants to wait the

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the Father's Return, and bring him to them at *Constantinople*, departed soon after, leaving the lucky mournful Cottage destitute of Inhabitants, where they had liv'd three months without Disturbance.



C H A P. VII.

FULL of Joy and Hopes, they cheerfully walk'd towards *Domez-Dure*; but nothing is to be depended on in this World. A great *Turkish* General, nam'd *Osmin*, who was going to *Constantinople*, with many Attendants, chose the Coolness of the Night to travel, as is very customary in the Heat of Summer, met these poor Travellers, order'd them to be stopp'd, and seiz'd. They told him, ' They were two ' poor *French* Lads, and the Black, ' who were cast ashore in a Boat ' coming from a Ship for Provisions, ' and were making their way to ' *Constantinople*, where their Ship ' was

*the Count de Vinevil.* 63

‘ was fail’d for, to go in search of  
‘ her, or apply to the *French* Con-  
‘ sul to be sent home, if the Ship  
‘ was lost, or sail’d thence.’ This  
*Ardelisa*, who was Orator for the  
rest, said; but the Charms of her  
Face, and the Eloquence of her  
Tongue, so enchanted *Osmin*, that  
he resolv’d to secure her for him-  
self. He told them, ‘ They were  
‘ Slaves, run away from their Ow-  
‘ ners, he suppos’d; however, he  
‘ would carry them to *Constantino-*  
‘ *ple*, and there see the Truth of what  
‘ they said.’ So order’d they should  
be chain’d together, and walk in the  
middle of his Troop, commanding  
that no Violence should be offer’d to  
them, or any thing they had about  
them taken away.

They had not gone far before *Ar-*  
*delisa* fainted, being unable to sup-  
port her inward Grief, and the Fa-  
tigue of the March: At which the  
General was alarm’d; and seeing  
the Concern her Companions were  
in, guess’d her to be the most noble  
of the three: he therefore order’d  
her

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her to be put in a Horse-Litter that attended him ; so before Day they arriv'd at his Palace, which was at the entering into the City : She, and the Boy, and Maid were brought in, and lock'd into a Room, where they could only sigh and look upon one another, but dar'd not talk for fear of being overheard and discover'd.

In few moments after they were thus left, the General enter'd, and addresssing himself to *Ardelisa*, said,  
 ' Lovely Boy, or Maid, I know not  
 ' which as yet to call you, fear not  
 ' the Treatment I shall give you ;  
 ' my Heart is made a Captive to  
 ' your Eyes, I will enjoy and keep  
 ' you here, where nothing shall be  
 ' wanting to make you happy : If  
 ' you are a Man, renounce your  
 ' Faith, adore our Prophet, and my  
 ' Great Emperor, and I will give  
 ' you Honours and Wealth exceed-  
 ' ing your Imagination : If you're  
 ' a Woman, here are Apartments,  
 ' where Painting, Downy Beds, and  
 ' Habits fit for to cover that soft  
 ' Frame,

*the Count de Vinevil.* 65

‘ Frame, Gardens to walk in, and  
‘ Food delicious, with faithful Slaves  
‘ to wait upon you, invite your Stay ;  
‘ where I will feast each Sense, and  
‘ make you happy as Mortality can  
‘ be.’ At these words he clasp’d her  
in his Arms, and rudely opening her  
Breast, discover’d that she was of  
the soft Sex. She, trembling, strove,  
and, falling at his Feet, begg’d him  
to kill, or let her go. ‘ You doubt-  
‘ less are, *said he*, the beauteous  
‘ Maid, who fled my Friend *Ma-*  
‘ *homet*’s Pursuit, for whom he kill’d  
‘ your Slaves and Father ; how  
‘ bless’d am I to find you ? Your  
‘ Maid, whose Tears and Blushes  
‘ have discover’d her to me, shall bear  
‘ you Company a-while. I must  
‘ this moment to the Emperor, and  
‘ shall soon return to sleep within  
‘ those lovely Arms.’

At these words he left the Room  
and two Eunuchs enter’d, who did  
lead her and her Maid into the Gar-  
den ; and there opening the Doors  
of a beautiful Apartment, conduct-  
ed them in ; then leaving them in

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a lovely Room, departed, and soon return'd with Sherbets of delicate Taste, preserv'd and cold Meats, telling them, they should refresh themselves; and showing a rich Bed-chamber, with Closets full of Womens Clothes, bid them shift, and dress in any of those rich *Turkish* Habits they lik'd best, none should disturb them. At these words the Eunuchs withdrew. Now the distracted Maid and her Lady, looking upon one another, wept, unable to express their Thoughts in words. At length *Ardelisa* broke silence in this manner: ' Just God!  
' what wilt thou do with us? Direct me now, and help me in this  
' great Distress. Oh *Nannon*! advise me: Shall this bold Hand destroy the Villain when he enters?  
' Sure it can be no Sin to save my  
' Virtue with his Blood? Yes; I  
' am resolv'd to do it, tho I perish.  
' Let his Slaves revenge his Death  
' on me, and torture me with all  
' their Fury can invent, Death's but  
' a Trifle in comparison of Infamy.

‘ Yes;

*the Count de Vinevil.* 67

‘ Yes; my dear Lord commanded  
‘ me to suffer Death, rather than  
‘ yield to lustful Infidels, and Chris-  
‘ tianity enjoins it: Come, let us  
‘ eat, and, thus resolv’d, fear no-  
‘ thing. You, my faithful Friend,  
‘ they’ll doubtless spare, as being  
‘ neither young nor beautiful. Pray  
‘ for me; and if ever you are so  
‘ happy to see *France*, and my dear  
‘ Lord again, tell him I have obey’d  
‘ him, and behav’d my self as does  
‘ become a Christian and his Wife.’  
She then sat down, looking with  
such Serenity and Calmness, as one  
prepar’d for all Events. They eat  
and pray’d together, and past the  
Night in pious Talk, where we shall  
leave them.

CHAP.



## C H A P. VIII.

**W**E now return to *Osmin*, to show what Care Almighty Goodness takes of those who trust in him. The *Turk* had brought a Packet from the Grand Visier to the Sultan, the Contents of which did so displease him, that, according to the barbarous Customs of that Nation, he wreck'd his Rage upon the luckless *Osmin*, commanding him a Prisoner to the *Seven Towers*; where, chain'd, we leave him to curse his false Prophet, and his Destiny.

The News of his Disgrace soon reach'd his home; and now the Slaves no longer were so careful to watch the Doors of his Seraglio, but, in the morning, left them open; telling the Lady, 'She might have the liberty of the Gardens to walk.' This was pleasing News to *Ardelisa*, because she and *Nannetta*

*netta* hoped, by this means, to find some way to escape. They thank'd the Eunuchs who had brought in Chocolate for their Breakfast; and when they were gone, *Ardelisa* and *Nannetta* ventur'd into the Garden; which was such, as shew'd that Art and Nature had there done their utmost, and made it one of the most delightful Places Eyes ever saw: Fountains, and Groves, and Grottoes, where the Sun could never enter; long Walks of Orange and Myrtles, with Banks, where Flowers of the most lovely Kinds, and fragrant Scents stood crowded, with Pleasure-Houses built of *Parian* Marble, and within so wrought and painted, that it appear'd an earthly Paradise. Nor did there want large Terras-Walks, from whence the Eye might be entertain'd with the full view of that great City, and the noble Port, which is one of the most lovely Prospects in the World.

They had not walk'd long here, before they perceiv'd *Josepb* running

ning towards them; he made a sign to them to retire into one of the Grottoes, whither he follow'd; and so soon as he could recover his Breath, he embrac'd his Lady's Knees, saying, ' My Soul is transported, ' my dear Lady, to see you safe; I ' have News will overjoy you: Last ' Night the Villain *Osmin* was sent ' by the Sultan to the *Black-Tower*; ' amongst the Servants I have learn'd ' all, and this Night will deliver ' you. I find the Servants are very ' careful of the Out-Doors and Gates, ' therefore in the Night I will set fire ' to the House, which will put them ' all into Confusion; be you ready ' to follow me, and I doubt not to ' conduct you safe to the Consul's.' *Ardelisa* admir'd the Boy's Zeal and Love, and said, ' My God, I thank ' thee; and if I live to see *France* ' again, *Joseph*, you shall know how ' much I esteem your Fidelity.' They thought it not convenient to talk longer; so *Joseph* hastened back to the House, being taken little or no notice of by the Servants, who were

were in the greatest Concern, expecting their Lord's Ruin, and consequently a new Master, who might perhaps prove more cruel than their old: for it is customary for the Sultan, when he puts one Favourite to death, to give his Estate, House, and Slaves to another.

The Day growing hot, *Ardelisa* and her Maid thought of returning to their Apartment to pass the Day; when they perceiv'd a Lady in *Turkish* Habit, tall, delicately shaped, and a Face perfectly beautiful, yet look'd melancholy. She started at the sight of them, being in Men's Clothes, and dress'd like *Europeans*, yet she stood still. At which *Ardelisa* hastened towards her, and, bowing, spoke to her in *French*, supposing her some Christian Lady, who had, like her, been forc'd thither: ' Madam, *said she*, fear not to speak  
' to me, I am, like you, a Woman,  
' and if you are a Christian, tell me  
' of what Nation, and how brought  
' here?' At these words, the Lady looking on her attentively, answer'd,  
' Yes,

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‘ Yes, Stranger, I am a Christian,  
 ‘ and by Birth a *Venetian*, made  
 ‘ Captive with many others of our  
 ‘ wretched Nation, noble Virgins,  
 ‘ who, like me, have liv’d too long,  
 ‘ being now made Slaves to the wild  
 ‘ Lusts of cruel Infidels, from which  
 ‘ nothing but Death can deliver us.’  
 At these words, *Ardelisa* embracing  
 her, said, ‘ Yes; God by me will,  
 ‘ I doubt not, this Night free us;  
 ‘ come with me into that Apartment,  
 ‘ where I will tell you News, that  
 ‘ will not be unwelcome to you.’  
 They went together follow’d by  
*Nannetta*, and being seated, *Arde-*  
*lisa* told her of *Osmin*’s Disgrace,  
 bid her stay with her that Day, and  
 at Night, she hoped they should be  
 show’d a way to escape. ‘ And  
 ‘ now, *said she*, to make the Day  
 ‘ seem less tedious, oblige me with  
 ‘ the Recital of your Misfortunes.’  
 To which the Lady willingly con-  
 descended, and thus began her Story.

CHAP.



C H A P. IX.

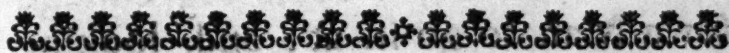
‘ MY Name is *Violetta*, I was  
 ‘ born in *Venice*, of a Fa-  
 ‘ mily antient and noble; my Fa-  
 ‘ ther’s Name was Don *Manuel*,  
 ‘ who did then, and I hope does  
 ‘ still, command a Man of War for  
 ‘ the Republick, being honour’d  
 ‘ with the Order of St. *Mark* for  
 ‘ his great Services. My Mother is  
 ‘ a Lady of great Goodness and  
 ‘ Beauty, and descended of one of  
 ‘ the most illustrious Families of the  
 ‘ *Venetian* Senators. It pleas’d  
 ‘ God to give them no other Chil-  
 ‘ dren but myself, and one Son, who  
 ‘ lost his Life in that unfortunate  
 ‘ Day when I was taken. He com-  
 ‘ manded the Forces on the Coast;  
 ‘ and the *Turks* landing, after a  
 ‘ bloody Dispute, getting the better  
 ‘ by Numbers, ravag’d the Coast;  
 ‘ and entering the Churches and  
 ‘ Convents, in one of which my Fa-  
 ‘ ther

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‘ther had plac’d me to secure me,  
 ‘as most of our Nobility had their  
 ‘Daughters; they carry’d us all a-  
 ‘board their Ships, with all the  
 ‘Treasure their sacrilegious Hands  
 ‘had pillag’d; and here divided  
 ‘the Spoils, presented those of us,  
 ‘whom they lik’d best, or believ’d  
 ‘most noble, to the Grand Seignior  
 ‘and his Favourites: it was my  
 ‘Lot to be given to *Osmin*, and here  
 ‘I have had the Misfortune to be  
 ‘kept these two Years, being too  
 ‘much esteem’d by him.’ *Ardeli-  
 sa, interrupting her, cry’d, ‘Alas!  
 ‘Madam, are there no more Ladies  
 ‘here?’ ‘No, reply’d Violetta, not  
 ‘at present; there are here some-  
 ‘times, at least ten more of different  
 ‘Nations, some of which are no-  
 ‘ble as myself, and in my Opinion,  
 ‘more worthy to be loved; but  
 ‘they are all now gone into the  
 ‘Country, to a House of pleasure,  
 ‘during *Osmin*’s Absence: But as  
 ‘for my part, whether it be that he  
 ‘loves me, as he pretends, more  
 ‘than the rest, or that he fears to  
 ‘trust*

*The Count de Vinevil.* 75

‘ trust me hence, I know not; but I  
‘ was never remov’d from this Place.  
‘ I have had one Son by him, which  
‘ I secretly baptiz’d, and which it  
‘ pleas’d God to take to himself since  
‘ *Osmin* went to the Army, which  
‘ is about three Months. This is  
‘ my unfortunate History, I pray  
‘ Heaven it may end more happily.’  
The Ladies past the Day, with much  
Satisfaction to each other, longing  
for the approaching Night.



CHAP. X.

LET us now make Enquiry af-  
ter the good Priest, who re-  
turn’d not to his Cottage till the  
Day after *Ardelisa* and her Ser-  
vants had left it; being prevented  
from returning home by the follow-  
ing Accident. As he was passing  
by a Wood, in his way home from  
the Sea-side, which he frequently  
visited, to look out for a Ship, he  
saw a Troop of *Turks*, at the Head

of which was the treacherous *Turk*, who had us'd him so cruelly, when he made him and the other good Priest his Gardiners. He step'd out of the Road to avoid being seen, which immediately gave some Suspicion to the Eagle-ey'd *Turks*, who presently made up to him. This occasion'd him to fly from them into the Wood, where, looking out for a Place to hide himself, he perceiv'd, in the Side of a small rising of the Ground, a Hole big enough for a Man to go in at; and, looking curiously into it, saw Steps cut in the Earth to go down. His Fears inclin'd him to venture into this Place; descending, he came to a Door, which was put to, but not fasten'd; opening it, he enter'd into a Cave, where Nature seem'd to have play'd the Part of Art; it was spacious and clean, a Lamp was burning on a Table; there stood a large Trunk lock'd, and on a Bed of Rushes lay a Man in a rude Habit of Beasts Skins, and by him stood an Earthen Pitcher full of Water; he appear'd

very sick and weak. The good Father drew near to him; at which the Man, turning his Head, said, with a weak Voice, in the *Turkish* Language: 'Stranger, disturb me not, leave me to die in Peace.' The good Father, mov'd with Compassion, answer'd, 'God forbid I should injure you, I would much rather assist you in all I am able.'

At these words the dying Man reply'd, 'Alas! *Turk*, thou canst give me no Assistance, my Saviour must assist me.' 'Are you then a Christian: *said the Priest*? I myself am so; and what is more, a Priest: God has doubtless sent me here to you.' 'Then I am happy, *said the Penitent*;' and strait besought him, saying, 'Father, there is Bread in that Trunk, take it; hear my Confession, and make me bless'd: let my Lord but visit my Soul, and I shall die joyfully.'

The good Priest willingly consented, and prepar'd him for Death, as well as the Time and Place would

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permit, giving him Wine out of a Bottle he carry'd in his Pocket ; after which he seem'd much reviv'd. Then he desir'd the Penitent to relate to him, if he was able, how he came there, and who he was ? He answer'd, ' Father, my Strength and Life are deficient, in that Trunk you'll find a Paper, which contains what you desire to know ; take that, and what else you will find with it, I thank my God a Christian has it.' Here he return'd to Prayer, his Agonies growing strong, in which he continu'd till six in the morning, when he dy'd. The good Father finish'd his good Work, with saying the Burial-Service over him, and covering him up in his rude Habit, and some of the Rushes of his Bed, went to the Trunk, which opening with a Key he had given him, he found some very rich Linnen, and choice Books, and a Cabinet of great Value ; which opening, there was a great quantity of Gold and Jewels, with a Crucifix, all Diamonds, and in a Corner  
of

of the Trunk, some Church-Plate. In the same Cabinet a large Paper, which, with the help of the Lamp, he read, tho by his Confession he had been partly inform'd of his Life past. The Paper contain'd these words.



C H A P. XI.

**M**Y Name was Don *Fernando de Cardiole*, I was by Birth a noble *Spaniard*, and was Commander of a Galleon; I fell in love with a Lady, whose Name was *Donna Corina*, a Maid of Honour to the Queen. She seem'd to favour me above all the other Pretenders, of which she had many, being a Lady of great Fortune and Beauty; till a young Nobleman, who came to Court, just return'd from his Travels, whose Name was *Don Pedro de Mendoza*, made love to her. She grew cold to me, and he rude and insolent; at which,

D 4. incens'd,

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incens'd, I watch'd an Opportunity, and had him assassinated: then putting out to Sea with my Vessel, and not daring to return, steer'd my Course for *Turkey*; telling the Slaves, if they would consent to set me and my Treasure, which I had brought on board, safe on the Coast of *Turkey*, I would deliver the Ship into their hands, to go where they pleas'd, which they willingly consented to.

So soon as I came ashore at *Gallipoli*, I went to the Bassa of that Place, declaring myself a *Turk*, and offering to discover great Secrets to the Grand Visier of the Designs of the Christian Princes. I was circumcis'd, and treated splendidly, sent with great Attendance to *Constantinople*, and there so ingratiated myself with the Grand Visier, that I was soon entrusted with the Command of a Ship against the *Venetians*. There, with the Fleet, I did all the Mischief I was able, enter'd and plunder'd the Churches, deflower'd noble Virgins, and return'd much commended, and highly

ly pleas'd ; neither did I fail of Reward, being permitted to take what I pleas'd of the Plunder.

I had now a Palace of my own, a Pension, and Seraglio of Women, and liv'd in the Enjoyment of all earthly Delights ; but God, who had till now suffer'd me to go on and continue insensible, awak'd my Conscience, and I felt such bitter Remorse in my Soul, that I could take no Rest or Pleasure. All those things, that I before took delight in, were now hateful to me ; after long Debates in my own Thoughts, I resolv'd upon what to do : to *Spain* I could not return, Justice would meet me there ; Shame and Guilt forbad me to fly to any Christian Country ; here my Conscience would not let me stay : I determin'd therefore to leave all my Fortune, House, and Family, and to retire to some lonely Place, where I might spend my Days and Nights in Solitude and Prayer ; where I might, with Penitence, Tears, Fasting, and Prayers, reconcile myself to my offended

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God. I had a trusty Slave, nam'd *Ibrahim*, who I acquainted with my Design of retiring; he found this Wood, and contriv'd the Cave you here do find me in; and one Evening he brought me hither, with what Wealth you here will find, which I reserv'd to provide for me, if I should live to weak Old Age. Once in five Days he comes to me, for I have given him his Freedom, and enough to live at ease; my Fortune and Command a Favourite *Turk* enjoys. This Servant brings me Food, such as will keep; Bread, Cordials, and Dry'd-Fruits, for Flesh I never taste, nor Wine. 'Tis now a Month since he was here, by which I guess him sick or dead. It is now ten days since I was seiz'd with a Fever and Ague; I find myself so weak, that I am apprehensive I shall die: I therefore write this, that if any Christian finds me here, he may be warn'd of sinning, as I have done, and may be enabled, by the Wealth herewith to procure a happier Condition

dition for himself, than I can ever hope for in this World.

*Christian, remember you must one  
Day die,  
And unto Judgment come as well  
as I.*



C H A P. XII.

FATHER *Francis* read this Paper with great Concern, and, taking the Cabinet, left the dismal Place, not doubting but his Pursuers were gone, and the Coast clear; in which he was not deceiv'd: for they having fought for him some time in vain, desisted, and pursu'd their Journey to *Constantinople*. He got safe to the Cottage, but was much surpriz'd to find *Ardelisa* and her Servants gone: one while he imagin'd they were discover'd and seiz'd; but, upon second Thoughts, that seem'd very improbable. Then he began to think they were gone  
for

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for *Constantinople*; he pass'd that Day in much Anxiety, and sat musing all Night. At last he resolv'd to go for *Constantinople*, to the Consul's, where he thought, if any where, he should hear of them.

Accordingly, early in the morning, he set out, carrying with him the Cabinet he found in the *Spaniard's* Cave, and arriv'd safely at the Consul's House; where, having related the Cause of his Coming, and Name, he was kindly receiv'd: but neither the Consul, nor his Servants, could tell what was become of *Ardelisa*, *Nannetta*, or the Boy. *Domingo* and the Servants, with the Horse-Litter, were return'd from *Domez-Dure*, having waited there till they were weary; *Domingo* having first gone back to the Cottage, and not found them, 'We conclude, *said he*, that some Misfortune has befallen them going from the Wood; but what, we are yet to learn.'

The Priest entertain'd the Consul and his Lady with an Account of  
all

all the tragical Passages of his Life : They spent the Evening much pleas'd with his Conversation ; but remembering how fatigu'd he must needs be with his Journey, they broke off the Conversation, and the Consul waited on him to his Chamber, begging him to accept of some Linen and Habit suiting his Birth, and more commodious, which he modestly receiv'd, with the most handsome Acknowledgments : after which the Consul retir'd, leaving him to his Devotions.

And now, left alone, he sat down and reflected on the Goodness of God, which had at last deliver'd him from a Life of Misery, attended with continual Fears from Cold and Hunger, and had brought him safe to Christian Conversation, Plenty, and a Retreat, where he might sleep securely. After returning the due Thanks, he shifted, and enter'd a Bed easy and sweet, a Comfort his tir'd Limbs had long been Strangers to ; he wish'd for nothing now so much as for *Ardelisa*, and the faithful

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faithful Maid and Boy : ‘ Now my  
 ‘ God, *said he*, show yet more the  
 ‘ wonders of thy Mercy, in pre-  
 ‘ serving them, if living.’ After that  
 he fell into a profound Sleep, sweet  
 as the Peace of his good Conscience.

About Midnight he, and all the  
 Family, were wak’d by some Persons  
 knocking at the Gate, in a manner  
 that spoke the utmost Haste or  
 Fury ; they all left their Beds, and  
 one of the Servants call’d to know  
 who was there ? *Joseph* answer’d,  
 ‘ It is I, open the Gate quickly, I  
 ‘ am *Joseph*.’ At these words the  
 Servant unbarr’d the Gate, and saw  
*Ardelisa*, *Violetta*, *Nannetta*, and  
*Joseph* : shutting the Gate, they  
 went in, where they were receiv’d  
 with a Joy words can’t express. *Ar-  
 delisa* said, ‘ Ask no Questions, but  
 ‘ put out the Lights, for we have  
 ‘ left the Place we were confin’d in  
 ‘ all in Flames ; and should any  
 ‘ Noise be heard in this House, when  
 ‘ the City is alarm’d, it might ren-  
 ‘ der us suspected ; whereas now  
 ‘ they will conclude us burn’d, and  
 ‘ that

• that will prevent all Reports of our  
• escaping.”

The Consul consented, and *Violetta* was, with *Ardelisa*, conducted to a Chamber; and the Consul, his Lady, and Father *Francis* deny'd themselves the Pleasure of knowing their Adventures till the morning. All the Family went to Bed, but not to sleep; that was impossible for the great Noise in the Streets, which was occasion'd by the Fire: for the City of *Constantinople* has been so many times almost destroy'd by that merciless Element, that the People are very much alarm'd with any thing of that nature. *Osmin's* Palace was large and noble, and flam'd dreadfully in the Garden; and the Seraglio being fired at the same time by *Ardelisa*, who left it burning, their Departure put the Servants in such Distraction, that they ran through the Streets, crying, *Fire! Fire!* It rais'd almost all the City, the Consul and his Family were early up, and then *Ardelisa* gave them a full  
Relation

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Relation of all that had befallen her since her Departure from the Wood, with an account of all her Friend *Violetta's* Misfortunes, whose Beauty and Wisdom charm'd all the Company.

A general Joy now spread itself thro' all the Family, and Providence seem'd to smile; the Ladies, Priest, *Nannetta*, and *Joseph*, stir'd not forth; and in a few days a *French* Ship being freighted, was ready to sail for *France*. The Consul waited on the *French* Ambassador, to inform him of all, and obtain'd of him to assist him, in procuring for them a safe Passage home. In the Consul's Boat, accompany'd with the Consul and his Lady, the two Ladies, in Mens Habits, with the Priest, Maid, and Boy, got safe to the Ship, with the Jewels, Gold, and Habits they carry'd with them; and there the Consul and his Lady took leave of them, with all Demonstrations of Love and Respect on both sides. This Ship was call'd the *St. Francis*, the Captain's Name was

*the Count de Vinevil.* 89

was Monsieur *de Feuillade*, a fine accomplish'd Gentleman, young, brave, and of a noble sweet Disposition. The Ladies, so soon as the Ship was under Sail, laid aside their Mens Habits, and put on such as became their Sex and Quality; in which they appear'd so charming, that the unfortunate Captain soon gaz'd away his Liberty, becoming passionately in love with *Violetta*. He entertain'd them with such Civility and Respect, as shew'd the Esteem he had for them, and spoke the Gentleman and the Lover.

They set Sail the 20th of *August*, 1705. it being more than three Years since *Ardelisa* came to *Turkey*, six Months of which time she spent in the melancholy Cottage in the Wood, and near a whole Year since she saw her Lord; and now she doubted not of soon seeing again her dear native Country, Friends, and Relations; but, above all things, him whom she prefer'd to all things. They pass'd the time the most agreeably that was possible, in which  
the

the good Father shar'd, who was so pious, useful, and modest, that not only they, but all the Sailors thought themselves happy in having such a Man with them: He was Physician to the sick, having great Skill in Physick and Surgery, and could apply fit Remedies to both Soul and Body. *Violetta* only seem'd melancholy: the loss of her Honour, and the dismal Impression the way of Life she had led with *Ofmin* had made in her Soul, no Change of Condition could perfectly efface; she thought only of retiring to a Religious House, to weep for a Sin, of which she was in reality altogether innocent. The good Priest observ'd her Sadness, and one Day took an Opportunity, when *Ardelisa* was gone with the Captain and *Nannetta*, to take the Air upon the Deck, to speak to her, in this manner: ' Madam, why do you abandon yourself thus to Grief, at a time when you are returning to Christians, and your own Country; to your noble Father, Mother, and Friends:

*the Count de Vinevil.* 91

• Friends: Your Soul should now  
• be ravish'd in Admiration of that  
• Providence, that has so unexpect-  
• tedly deliver'd you from the most  
• unhappy Condition a Lady could  
• be in.

She lifted up her Eyes at these words, and wiping the falling Tears away, said, ' Father, till I saw *Ar-*  
• *delisa*, I found my Conscience un-  
• disturb'd, I submitted to the fatal  
• necessity of my Circumstances;  
• and Christianity forbidding me to  
• finish Life by my own Hand, I  
• thought I had done all that was  
• requir'd. But that noble Lady's  
• heroick Conduct has convinc'd me,  
• I did not what I ought: She never  
• would have permitted a lustful  
• *Turk* to possess her, but, by his  
• Death would have preserv'd her  
• Honour; or, resisting to Death,  
• not have surviv'd it. I am no lon-  
• ger friends with myself, and long  
• to hide my Face in a Convent,  
• where Tears shall wash away the  
• Stains of his Embraces: Nay, Fa-  
• ther, to you I confess, I even loved  
• him,

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‘ him, saw him with a Wife’s Eyes,  
‘ and thought my self oblig’d to do  
‘ so.’

The Priest answer’d, ‘ Madam,  
‘ you are deceiv’d: in *Ardelisa*,  
‘ who was marry’d to another, it  
‘ would have been a horrid Crime  
‘ to suffer another Man for to pos-  
‘ sess her ; but as you were single, a  
‘ Virgin, and made his by the  
‘ Chance of War, it was no Sin in  
‘ you to yield to him, and it would  
‘ have been wilful Murder to have  
‘ kill’d him, or but conspir’d his  
‘ Death: nay, a Sin not to have  
‘ been faithful to his Bed: whilst he  
‘ is living you ought not to marry ;  
‘ you might have been a means of  
‘ his Conversation ; you ought to pray  
‘ for him, and consider he acted ac-  
‘ cording to his Knowledge and Edu-  
‘ cation.’ *Violetta* thank’d him, and  
seem’d much reviv’d.

C H A P.



C H A P. XIII.

**T**HEY had now sailed six Days, when the seventh Night it grew dark and tempestuous; the Wind chang'd, and about Midnight a Storm arose so dreadful, the Pilot could no longer steer the Ship; so that she drove they knew not whither. At break of day they found themselves amongst the *Ægean Isles*; the Ship had lost all her Masts, they had but thirteen hands aboard, when the Carpenter going down into the Hold, came back with a Face that express'd the Terrors of his Mind; he cry'd, 'Hoist  
' out the Boats quickly, there is five  
' Foot Water in the Hold.' At these words a Death-like Paleness spread o'er every Face; the Captain, Ladies, Priest, *Nannetta*, *Joseph*, and five Sailors enter'd the first Boat, taking with them their Gold, Jewels, some Trunks of Clothes, Biscuit, a  
Vessel

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Vessel of Wine, and some Quilts, Bedding, and Salt-Meat, what they could possibly put in without endangering the Boat's sinking; and then they made away for the Island which was nearest, on which they landed safely; but had the Misfortune to see the other Boat sink, which the greedy Sailors had too deeply loaded. The Ship floated a little while, and then disappear'd, being swallow'd up by the merciless Waves. And now, being on Shore, they were desirous to know where they were; which they soon discover'd to be on the Island *Delos*, which lies in the *Archipelago*, the largest of the *Cyclades*, once famous for the Temple of *Apollo*, but now entirely abandon'd by the *Turks*, and desolate of all Inhabitants. Here they must remain, till some Discovery could be made of a better Place to remove to, which they propos'd to do by means of their Boat; in which, next to Providence, they plac'd all their Hopes. They hasten'd to bring all ashore, the Tempest continuing,

and drew the Boat on land. And now Necessity taught them what to do in a Place, where there was neither House nor Market. Going up a little way from the Shore, they found two or three ruinous Huts, which they enter'd as joyfully as if they had been Palaces. In one of these the two Ladies went, with *Nannetta*, the Captain ordering a Quilt and some Coverlids, the best they had sav'd, to be put into it; as likewise *Ardelisa's* Trunk, in which was the Clothes and Treasure belonging to the Ladies. Into another Hut the Priest, *Joseph*, and he enter'd; there he plac'd the Wine, Biscuit, and Meat, knowing he must now husband that, lest they should want before they could be supply'd with more.

And now having order'd all things the best that was possible in so unhappy a Place and Circumstance, the Captain and Priest went to the Ladies, whom they found much dejected, and out of order. They said all they could to comfort them, desiring

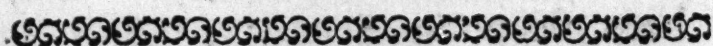
desiring them to eat something; *Joseph* brought them Meat and Wine, and the Sailors gather'd Leaves and Sticks, and made Fires in the Huts, being handy, and us'd to shift. The Captain order'd them also some Meat and Wine, which they eat as chearfully as if nothing had happen'd. And now the good Father, seeing the Ladies sad, address'd himself thus to *Ardelisa*: ' Madam, ever  
' since I have had the Honour to  
' know you, I have observ'd some-  
' thing so Noble and Christian in all  
' your Deportment, that I believ'd  
' you incapable of Fear or Ingrati-  
' tude to God, who this day has  
' given you a signal Deliverance  
' from Death. It is not many hours  
' ago since we expected to be  
' swallow'd up in the Deep, and  
' thought Death stared us in the  
' Face, but now the Divine Power  
' has brought us to firm Land, and  
' to a Place where, if we are alone,  
' and have no Inhabitants to com-  
' fort or relieve us, we have no Ene-  
' mies to fear, no inhuman *Turks* to  
' murder

*the Count de Vinevil.* 97

‘ murder or enslave us; we may  
‘ here sleep in Security. And as  
‘ for Food, Providence that pro-  
‘ vides for the wild Beasts and Birds,  
‘ will doubtless provide for us; in  
‘ us, who have had such uncommon  
‘ and extraordinary Proofs of his  
‘ Favour, it would be an unpardo-  
‘ nable Sin to distrust him now:  
‘ summon up then your Faith and  
‘ Reason to aid you, and be not cast  
‘ down.’ These words seem’d as  
Cordials to them all; they eat  
thankfully what was set before them,  
and the Captain, Priest, and Boy  
returning to their Hut, the Sailors  
to theirs, they slept as sweetly as if  
they had lain in Palaces on Beds of  
Down.

E

C H A P.



## C H A P. XIV.

**T**HE next Morning, the Sky being clear'd up, and the Winds ceas'd, the chearful Sun began to shine; the Captain, Priest, and Sailors walk'd out of their Huts, to view the Shore and Country: they saw many Sea-Birds upon it, and Plenty of Ruins, with some Goats and Swine, which they suppos'd cast there by some Shipwreck; but so wild, that they fled away as soon as any body came in sight of them. At last the Captain thought is best to send three of the Sailors out in the Boat, to discover if any Place could be found near that more convenient to remove to, or buy Provisions at, till some Christian Ship arriv'd to take them in; which, it was probable, would not be long, because this Island affords Plenty of good Water, and is safe for Christians

*The Count de Vinevil.* 99

tians to air Goods on, or mend their Vessels. The Boat was accordingly got out, and the Sailors enter'd it, the Captain charging them not to venture far from that Island: but they were either taken, or drown'd, for they never return'd again with the Boat. For some days they liv'd on what Provisions they had brought with them, and the two Sailors and *Joseph* walking daily up and down the Island, which is many Miles in Circumference, gather'd up Plenty of Eggs, which the Sea-Fowl laid there, and now and then some small Fishes, which they catch'd in some little Brooks, which are in the Island.

But now the Biscuit was spent, and Bread wanting, they began to despair of the Boat's Return, which they had every day expect'd till now. The Ladies, unus'd to such Hardships, fell both sick. The good Father search'd every where for Herbs medicinal to relieve them; but, alas! so many things were wanting, that they were ineffectual. How

could Cordials and Restoratives be had, when neither Wine nor Spirits could be made? The Captain, whose Concern for *Violetta* equall'd the Passion he had for her, deny'd himself what was requisite to support his own Life, for fear of her wanting; whilst the poor Ladies, whom Sickness and Want had render'd unable to walk, were watch'd by *Nannetta*, who was almost as feeble as they. The Priest, Captain, and Sailors did nothing but wander about in search of Food: they had brought two Musquets, and some Powder ashore with them; but that being spent, the Guns were useless. They now contriv'd Pitfalls and Snares, which they made with Twigs plucked from small Trees and Bushes, which were very plenty by the Seaside; and with these they had pretty good Success, catching Sea Fowls, and sometimes Rabbits. These they brought home, dress'd, and divided, giving first to the Ladies: But alas! what could this do to sustain the  
the

*the Count de Vinevil.* 101

the Lives of eight Persons; Water was all they had to drink.

One Evening the Boy catch'd a young Goat, and, unable to carry it, ty'd a String about its Neck, and led it home. The Dam, with another Twin-Kid, followed, hearing it bleat. This young Goat being brought to the Hut belonging to the Captain, and ty'd there, drew the other two to follow her in, and so they were taken. One of the young ones they immediately kill'd, and feasted upon; the Dam they preserv'd for her Milk, and the other Kid as a Treasure, when they could get no other Food. With the Milk of this Goat the Ladies Lives were in a manner wholly preserv'd, the Boy feeding her and the Kid with what he could get of Greens, of which there was no want. And now they all grew so weak for want of Food, that they were scarce able so much as to seek for it; Silence seem'd almost to reign amongst them, every one being unwilling to

speak his Despair to his Friend; their hollow Eyes were continually directed to the Sea, from whence they only hoped Relief; nothing but the Arrival of some Christian Ship could save them from perishing.

The Priest, on this Occasion, shew'd himself more than Man; he encourag'd every Body else, and seem'd chearful himself: and tho he eat less than they, yet seem'd always satisfy'd; tho his meagre Face and Leanness shew'd his Decay, yet his Tongue utter'd no Complaint: 'Come my Children, *says he*, Mortality is subject to Misfortunes, the way to Heaven is difficult, but the End glorious; there we shall want nothing: The Almighty's Ears are always open to our Complaints; trust him, in his own time he will deliver us, or take us to eternal Rest.' With these, and such like Discourses, he comforted them daily.



C H A P. XV.

ONE Night, as they were retir'd to Rest, (for indeed sleep they could not, or at least but little, want of Food having made them almost Strangers to those sweet Slumbers, which are produc'd by good Meat, or wholesome Nourishment) they heard a mighty Storm, the Winds blew, as if Nature were in Convulsions, and the Elements at strife; then Guns went off, by which they guess'd some Ships was near, and in Distress. So soon as the Day-break, the Boy and Sailors ventur'd out to see what they could discover; and there saw the dismal Remains of a Shipwreck upon the Shore, by the Carcases of several drowned Men, huge Coffers floated on the Waters, and some lay upon the Shore. The Seamen and Boy got what they were able, and

found some Casks of Salt-Beef, Biscuit, Rum, and Bails of *India* Goods, which shew'd it was some *East-India* Ship that was lost; they hoped to find some of the Sailors, but none were sav'd alive on that Place: by those that lay dead, they guess'd them *Venetians*.

By this time Father *Francis* and the Captain came to them, and gave them their Assistance; and now getting home to their Huts what they had got, a new Life seem'd to appear in them. Thus the Ruin of others procur'd their Preservation, as is frequent in this World; and one of the Vessels of Rum being broach'd, and each taking a Dram, with a Biscuit, they resolv'd to return to work, and search all the Shore, the Sea now ebbing, to see if they could get more, especially Food, for Treasure was to them useless. That Gold, that causes so much Mischief in the World, for which Men sell their Souls, and change their Faiths, was here less valuable than a Crust  
of

of Bread. They succeeded so well, that in five hours they had five Barrels of Beef and Pork, seven of Biscuit, three of Rum, one of Brandy, five of Wine, and many rich Goods and Chests of Clothes. Thus Providence, to preserve them, caus'd the Winds and Seas to bring them Food and Raiment. They likewise gather'd up many Pieces of the Ship, Planks, Ropes, broken Masts, Sail-Cloth, &c. and now they began to think of making a Habitation for all the Family to dwell together, and nothing but a Boat was wanting to make them happy. They in few days accomplish'd their Design of a House; for they made a large Tent with the Sail-Cloth on Poles, with Partitions, so that it reach'd from one Hut to the other. Here the Ladies could be brought, and seated, to take a little Air, and to eat: They had likewise saved some Barrels of Powder and Shot, which was of great use to them; for the Men soon got

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strength enough to walk again about the Island, and shot Wild-Hogs and Fowl frequently. Thus they lived for two Months.



C H A P. XVI.

ON E Evening *Joseph* return'd from Shooting, and told them, ' at the farther end of the Island ' he saw a Ship lie at an Anchor, at ' some distance from a Creek, into ' which he saw a Boat put. The ' Men came ashore, and about six ' of them left the Boat, and walk'd ' up the Land towards a Brook, as ' he suppos'd, for Water; and on ' the Ship's Stern he could discern a ' Red Cross, and thence concluded ' they were Christians.' This News made them long for the next morning, when the Captain, Priest, and Boy set out by Day-break, and went to the Place, which they reach'd in three hours time, so much had Hope strengthen'd

strengthen'd them; and there found the Shore full of Seamen, and a Tent set up, in which they suppos'd the Captain and Passengers were. The Priest went up to the first Man he found near enough to speak to, and ask'd him, ' Whence ' they were?' The Man answer'd, ' From *Venice*.' ' What is your Captain's Name,' said the Father; ' Don Manuel,' answer'd the Seaman, and the Ship is a Man of War called the *St. Mark*. ' Now, Friend, said the Priest, where are you bound?' ' Home, Sir, he reply'd.' ' Pray bring me and my Friend to the Captain,' said the Priest; we are Christians cast on this Island, and beg to speak to him.' ' Speak and welcome, Gentlemen, said the Man, my Captain's a noble *Venetian*, and will treat you generously; a worthier Man ne'er failed the Seas.'

They follow'd him to the Tent, and were receiv'd with such Humanity as surpriz'd them; but discouraging

courfing the Captain, to whom they related part of their Misfortunes, they discover'd it was *Violetta's* Father they were talking with. Then the *French* Captain, looking on the good Father, faid to the Captain, ' Sir, did you not lofe a Daughter in the laft dreadful War with the *Turks*? a Lady the moft lovely of her Sex, call'd *Violetta*.' ' Yes, *answer'd Don Manuel* I did; ' but why do you mention that?' ' She's here, my Lord, *faid he*, and ' in my Care.'

Then the good Father and he related all the manner of her Escape: what Joy and Satisfaction this News was to *Don Manuel*, the Mind can much better conceive, than words exprefs; they din'd with him, and, after a noble Treat, he agreed to go along with them, ordering the Ship to be brought round. In walking with them, he told them, ' That as ' he was at Sea with his Ship, with ' three other Men of War in Com- ' pany, going to meet fome *Vene-*  
*tians*

‘ *tian* Merchant-Ships, that they  
‘ expected from the *East-Indies*,  
‘ which they were order’d to con-  
‘ voy home; the Storm happen’d,  
‘ which had shipwreck’d one of those  
‘ Ships, as he was since inform’d.  
‘ This Tempest parted the Men of  
‘ War, and drove him out to Sea,  
‘ so that he was in great want of  
‘ fresh Water; for which reason he  
‘ put in here.’

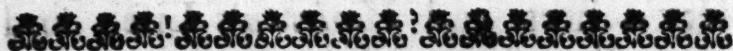
They entertain’d him with *Arde-  
lisa’s* whole History, and so they  
pass’d the time, till they reach’d  
their Tarpaulin Palace; into which  
being enter’d, they found the two  
Ladies: But when *Violetta* saw her-  
self embrac’d by her Father, Joy so  
overcame her, that she fainted in  
his Arms; and, recovering, was  
congratulated by the whole Com-  
pany. And now the Ladies and  
Servants seem’d so reviv’d, that all  
Sorrow was forgotten; Supper was  
brought in, and nothing spar’d of  
the Provisions that yet remain’d,  
which before they us’d to divide  
with

with care, for fear of wanting. As they were at Supper, the first Lieutenant of the Ship was brought in, to inform Don *Manuel*, that the Ship was come to an Anchor near that Place. Soon after him came several young Gentlemen to compliment their Commander, on account of *Violetta*: this Company past some hours very agreeably, admiring the strange Accidents that had befallen them, and particularly their meeting in this Place. Don *Manuel*, and those belonging to him, return'd to the Ship; and next morning, returning to Shore, pass'd the Day with his Daughter and Friends, bringing rich Wines and Sweetmeats to regale them. The Seamen hasten'd to water the Ship, and to get all things on board belonging to *Ardelisa*, and her Family, which they perform'd in five days; and then the Ladies, *French* Captain, Father *Francis*, *Nannetta*, *Joseph*, and the two Sailors, went aboard the *Venetian* Ship, leaving

leaving the desolate Island, and their Huts, with many things which they thought not worth taking away, which might nevertheless be of great use to any others, who should have the same Occasion for them. *Ardelisa* desir'd the Goat and Kid might be brought aboard, which she loved much, because its Milk had preserv'd hers and *Violetta's* Life; and therefore she resolv'd to carry it to *France* with her: So it was brought in the Boat, being grown so tame, it would follow *Joseph* like a Dog.

They set sail for *Venice* the 2d of *February*, 1715. having lived on the Island from the 29th of *August* to that time, which was five Months and four Days; and they arriv'd safe at *Venice* in fourteen Days, where the Ladies were conducted to Don *Manuel's* House, accompany'd by the *French* Captain, the Priest, and their Servants; and there Donna *Catherina* receiv'd her Daughter with the greatest Transports imaginable, weeping for Joy,  
the

the young Lady doing the same; a Sight so moving, it touch'd all the Company. Here *Ardelisa* and the rest were entertain'd magnificently, and not only invited, but even constrain'd, to continue till a *French Ship* arriv'd to carry them to *France*.



## C H A P. XVII.

**A** *Rdelisa* was treated by all Don *Manuel's* Relations, and showed all that was worthy Observation in that noble City, whose Situation alone renders it a Wonder. The *French Captain*, *Mons. de Feuillade*, was the only Person who was not here diverted: He thought only of the approaching Separation that was to be made between him and *Violetta*, to whom he had given a thousand Testimonies of his Passion, but never made any plain Declaration of Love, which he was withheld from doing.

*the Count de Vinevil.* 113

doing, by these Considerations : First, He was not the eldest Son of that noble Family to which he belong'd, being second Brother to the Count *de Feuillade*, who now enjoy'd the Title and Estate. He had indeed great Expectations from the Marquis *de Rochmount* his Uncle, who was his Godfather, and had no Heir, and was very antient ; but then he reflected that *Violeta* was a Lady of the nicest Virtue ; and would, perhaps, scruple to marry, whilst the Infidel, who had been happy in the enjoying of her, lived. These Thoughts had till now kept him silent ; but his Passion was too great to suffer him to part from her, without declaring his Love : He resolv'd therefore to take the first Opportunity to reveal it to her, which was difficult, by reason of the abundance of Company that visited at Don *Manuel's*, and frequent Diversions, to which the Ladies were invited abroad.

One Morning he rose very early, and went into the Gardens to walk, being melancholy. After some time he enter'd a Banquetting-House, where he sat down, and was in a profound Meditation, when he heard a Rustling behind the Quickset-Hedges; and, lifting up his Eyes, saw *Violetta* alone, very pensive. She pass'd by, and went up a small Mount, upon which there stood a Summer-House, which for Prospect, and the Painting it was so embellish'd withal, equall'd, if not excell'd, any in *Venice*. Into this she enter'd, and sat down; he immediately follow'd her thither, and there threw himself upon his Knees before her, saying, ' Charming Divine *Violetta*! see here a Man who adores you, who has loved you from the first moment he saw you; and yet, thro' Respect, continu'd silent, and would not importune you whilst you were unfortunate. You are now return'd home, and secur'd from all future Mischiefs; and I, the

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‘ the most unhappy of all Men,  
‘ must, ere long, leave you ; the  
‘ Thoughts of this Separation are  
‘ insupportable. Tell me, Divine  
‘ Creature ! may I hope that you  
‘ are not wholly insensible of my  
‘ Services ? and that you will some-  
‘ times remember me with Com-  
‘ passion ? I am going to my native  
‘ Country, to a Place where my  
‘ Friends and Fortune are ; but I  
‘ would much rather stay here and  
‘ die at your Feet, and could wish I  
‘ had not one moment surviv’d our  
‘ Deliverance from the desolate I-  
‘ land, since it is the means of de-  
‘ priving me of your Sight. Oh !  
‘ speak ! Is your Soul insensible to  
‘ Love ? May I not hope ?’

*Violetta,* much disorder’d, seem’d  
to ruminate before the spake ; and,  
at length reply’d, Sir, I am neither  
‘ insensible, nor ungrateful ; your Af-  
‘ fection has been so easy to be dis-  
‘ cover’d in all the kind and gene-  
‘ rous things you did for me in my  
‘ Distress, that it would be base in  
‘ me

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‘ me not to acknowledge, That  
 ‘ I believe your Passion sincere  
 ‘ and noble ; and the grateful  
 ‘ Sense I have of it is such, that I  
 ‘ will not dissemble with you : Were  
 ‘ not my Circumstances what they  
 ‘ are, I would sooner consent to be  
 ‘ yours, than any Man’s living.’

At these words he kiss’d her  
 Hand with the greatest Transport,  
 saying, ‘ Madam, proceed no far-  
 ‘ ther, let this charming Sentence  
 ‘ live for ever in my Thoughts, no  
 ‘ Circumstance remains to bar me  
 ‘ from being happy ; do but you  
 ‘ bid me live, I shall surmount all  
 ‘ Obstacles : Your noble Father will  
 ‘ find nothing in my Birth, or For-  
 ‘ tune to render me unworthy such an  
 ‘ Honour. You are not pre-ingag’d,  
 ‘ the Villain, who possess’d that love-  
 ‘ ly Person, had no Title to it but  
 ‘ lawless Force ; he neither was a  
 ‘ Christian nor a Husband ; he us’d  
 ‘ you as his Slave, and, doubtless,  
 ‘ would, whene’er his brutish Lust  
 ‘ inclin’d him to a Change, have be-  
 ‘ stow’d

*the Count de Vinevil.* 117

‘ stow’d you on some Favourite-Slave,  
‘ to use or poison you.’

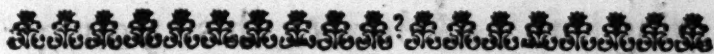
*Violeta* answer’d, with a Flood  
of Tears, ‘ Yet while this Villain  
‘ lives, Honour forbids me to be  
‘ yours : ’Tis true, he forc’d me to  
‘ his Bed, but ’twas the Custom of  
‘ his Nation, and what he thought  
‘ no Crime, yet he was tender of  
‘ me ; and whilst he lives, my Mo-  
‘ desty cannot permit me to receive  
‘ another in my Bed.’ ‘ But if he’s  
‘ dead, Madam, *the Lover cry’d*,  
‘ then will you give Consent to make  
‘ me bless’d ; for doubtless he is  
‘ long since so, the *Turkish Empe-*  
‘ rors never failing to send the Bow-  
‘ string to the Man with whom they  
‘ are once displeas’d. ’Twill not be  
‘ many Days before some Vessel will  
‘ arrive from *Turkey*, and then you’ll  
‘ be inform’d of all that’s happen’d,  
‘ since we left it ; till then permit me  
‘ to declare myself to your Father,  
‘ and to hope.’

*Violetta* rising, to put and end to  
the Discourse, answer’d only, ‘ Im-  
‘ portune

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‘ fortune me no farther.’ He said no more, but taking her Hand, conducted her to the House, and return’d to the Summer-house, where, for some moments, he reflected, with much pleasure, on what had pass’d between them. By this time Don *Manuel* rose, and came into the Garden, with Father *Francis*, who was the Favourite of the whole Family. The Captain join’d them, and, after some other Discourse, thinking it a lucky Opportunity, discover’d to Don *Manuel*, in a manner the most respectful and gallant that was possible, the Passion he had for *Violetta*; in which the good Priest seconded him, giving him and his Family (whom he perfectly knew) such a Character, that Don *Manuel* receiv’d the Offer very obligingly; telling the Captain, ‘ If his Daughter was consenting, he should not contradict her Inclinations.’ After this Monsieur *la Feuillade* took the freedom of a Lover, often to dance, walk, and accompany

company *Violetta* abroad; and all her Relations treated him as a Person they esteem'd Don *Manuel's* Son.



C H A P. XVIII.

**I**T was not long before a *Venetian* Ship arriv'd; the Captain of which brought an Account of many extraordinary Events that had happen'd at *Constantinople* since their Departure. He said, ' That  
' three Days after *Osmin's* Palace was  
' burnt, he, having receiv'd the  
' News of it, fell sick, and refus'd  
' to eat, continuing silent. He fast-  
' ed three Days, and the fourth was  
' found dead in his Chains, as he  
' lay on the Floor. His Body, *said*  
' *he*, I saw dragg'd, by the Sultan's  
' Order, about the Streets, which  
' his Servants afterwards were suf-  
' fer'd to take and bury. Some  
' Days after the Grand Visier return-  
' ing

' ing from the Army, and being re-  
 ' ceiv'd coldly by the Sultan, grew  
 ' incens'd against him; and, fearing  
 ' *Osmin's* Fate, form'd a Conspira-  
 ' cy, and depos'd the Sultan, fet-  
 ' ting up *Mahomet*, his younger  
 ' Brother, on the Throne.' Then  
 he told them, ' That Monsieur *Joy-*  
 ' *euxe*, and his Family were return'd  
 ' to *France*.'

The News of *Osmin's* Death gave  
 Monsieur la *Feuillade* much Satis-  
 faction; but *Violetta* would not be  
 prevail'd upon to marry him soon.  
 At length she promis'd, if he would  
 consent to let her retire for six  
 Months into a Convent, after that  
 she would comply with his Desires.  
 These were hard Terms, but he  
 was forc'd to yield to them, on  
 condition he might visit her there.  
 She however yielded to stay at her  
 Father's, till *Ardelisa* went away;  
 and the Lover vow'd the six Months  
 should begin from the Day she re-  
 ceiv'd the News, of *Osmin's* Death.

As

*the Count de Vinevil.* 121

As for *Ardelisa*, tho entertain'd and diverted so highly, she thought each Day a Year till she saw her dear Lord again; and, according to her Wish, a *French Ship* arriv'd: which News being brought to her, Monsieur *la Feuillade*, and the Priest went aboard; and there seeing the Captain, knew him to be Monsieur *de Fountain*, Monsieur *Feuillade's* Cousin, who was as much, or more, surpriz'd at the sight of them. He embrac'd them, saying, 'Heavens! did I ever think to see either of you again? Father *Francis*! what Angel has preserv'd you alive till this joyful Day? You, Cousin, are thought dead, your Ship was reported to be cast away; I have good News to tell you, your Uncle the Marquis is dead, and has left you all his Estate and Title; you are now Marquis of *Rockmount*.'

They went into the great Cabbin, where they drank a Bottle of Wine with the Captain, and then took

F

him

him ashore; telling him, they would bring him to a Lady, at the sight of whom he would be yet much more surpriz'd. They soon arriv'd at Don *Manuel's*, where they found *Ardelisa* waiting their Return with Impatience; but when she saw Captain *de Fountain*, she was overjoy'd, knowing he came from the Place where her Lord (if living) was. He thought himself in a Dream; never was a more agreeable Meeting of Friends: when he assur'd her, 'The Lord *Longueville* was in Health,' *Ardelisa* shed Tears for Joy; but he told her withal, 'That he was retir'd into a Convent of *Franciscan* Friars, where, notwithstanding his Friends Intreaties, he was determin'd to stay the rest of his Life, if no News of her being yet alive arriv'd, by a Messenger whom he had sent to *Turkey*, on purpose to get a particular Account of that unfortunate Accident, in which your Father, you,

and

*The Count de Vinevil.* 123

‘ and all the Family, were suppos’d  
‘ to be murder’d.’

Here *Ardelisa* gave him an Account of all that had happen’d to her since that time ; as likewise that the Consul had sent him Letters long since of her escaping in that dreadful Night. Monsieur *Fountain* answer’d, ‘ They questionless  
‘ are come to his hands by this  
‘ time, but it is Six Months since I  
‘ have been in *Picardy*.’ Then Father *Francis* looking on *Violetta*, who spake not all this while, said,  
‘ Madam, we have News for you  
‘ too, which will not be disagree-  
‘ ble ; Monsieur *de Feuillade* is this  
‘ day able to make you Marchio-  
‘ nefs of *Rochmount* :’ So Monsieur *de Fountain* inform’d her, That the Title and Estate of the old Marquis his Uncle was given to him. Upon which *Violetta*, looking gravely on her Lover, said, ‘ My  
‘ Lord, *Violetta* is not a Match for  
‘ a Marquis, you will doubtless re-  
‘ pent of a Love so ill placed.’ Ma-

‘dam, *said he*, were it possible  
‘for me to be angry with you, it  
‘would be now ; no, had I the  
‘Empire of the World, I should  
‘dedicate myself and that to your  
‘Service, and would refuse it, if  
‘you were not to share it with me.’

*Ardelisa* smiled, saying, ‘What  
‘you refuse the Marquiss, you must  
‘grant to me ; deny me not the  
‘pleasure of seeing you marry’d be-  
‘fore I leave *Venice* ; the Friend-  
‘ship is such between us, that, me-  
‘thinks, you should not let me go  
‘to *France* alone ; let us continue  
‘to share one Fate, and end our  
‘Lives together ; *France* is a Coun-  
‘try charming as your own.’ *Vio-*  
*letta* reply’d, ‘Charming *Ardeli-*  
‘*sa* ! to whom I owe my Delive-  
‘rance from a Life worse than  
‘Death, Heaven knows how dear I  
‘prize your Friendship and your  
‘Conversation ; but can I leave my  
‘Parents ? Did not Duty forbid  
‘me to consent, my Heart is so  
‘much

'much yours, I should not be able  
'to part with you.'

At these words Don *Manuel* enter'd the Room, to whom Father *Francis* told all the News. The Ship staid here two Months to unlade, and take in Goods; at the end of which time, Captain *de Fountain* gave *Ardelisa* notice to prepare for her Departure to *France*: and then she so press'd *Violetta* to marry, that she yielded; and, in fine, Don *Manuel* and his Lady consented that she should accompany her Lord to *France*, where they promis'd to give them a Visit the next Spring.

Don *Manuel* gave her a noble Fortune in Jewels and Bills, and was extremely satisfy'd with his Son-in-law; who was now possess'd of a Lady, whose Temper and Person was such as made her a Portion of herself, and whose Fortune, being Don *Manuel's* only Child, was so great, as might have deserv'd as noble a Husband, if she had wanted

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part of the Excellencies she possess'd. This Wedding was splendid as their Quality, and when they went aboard the Ship for *France*, they were accompany'd by all Don *Manuel's* Relations, by whom an Entertainment was provided suiting the Magnificence of his Temper.

We will omit the tender Expressions of Donna *Catherina* at parting with her Daughter, with all the Acknowledgments *Ardelisa* made for the noble Entertainment she had receiv'd, as likewise the good Priest, who was much esteem'd by all. They all took leave of one another, and the Ship set Sail with a fair Wind, and arriv'd safe at *Calais*, July 1. 1706.

With what Transport did *Ardelisa* see her native Land again! The good Father prostrating himself upon the Shore, gave Thanks to God for his and their Safety. And now they consulted how to go to their Homes: *Ardelisa* resolv'd, that

that her Arrival should not be made publick presently, having a Desire first to make a Tryal of her Lord's Affection: So they determin'd to go first to the Marquiss's Seat, which was about five Miles short of the Count *de Beauclair's*, *Ardelisa's* Cousin, in whose hands, the Count *de Vinevil* had entrusted his Estate: they therefore hiring a Post-Chaise for the Ladies, and Horses for themselves, *Nannetta* and *Joseph* took the Road for *Rochmount*, where they soon arriv'd, with all the Treasure, as Jewels, &c. the Ladies had saved, and *Violetta's* Father and Mother had given her, taking the Goat with them. They found the old Steward and Servants in the House; the Count *de Feuillade*, the Marquiss's elder Brother, having delay'd to take possession, or alter any thing, till he was satisfy'd his Brother was dead, to whom he was left Successor in the Title and Fortune. But when the Servants saw their young Lord enter the Gate,

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they receiv'd him with such Joy as cannot be express'd. He thank'd them with much Tenderness, and, showing *Violetta*, said, ' Here I have brought you a Lady, who you will find yourselves happy in serving.' All this while *Ardelisa* kept her Hood over her Face, *Violetta* saying, ' Sister, you are not well, you shall have a Bed got ready for you immediately.' The Servants flew to get all in order; the Marquis conducted his Lady and *Ardelisa* to a noble Chamber, where he left *Nannetta* to undress them, being much tired with the Journey; and, leaving Order for Supper, went in a Coach, with Father *Francis*, to the Count his Brother.

C H A P.



C H A P. XIX.

**T**HE News of the Marquis's Arrival spread so fast, that, returning home, accompany'd with his Brother, he found the Court-Hall and Parlours full of Relations, Friends and Tenants: and having carress'd them all, he took only his Brother up Stairs to *Violetta*. Entering the Room, the Count knew *Ardelisa*. It is easy to imagine how entertaining this Conversation must be; she gave him the Reason why she would be private for that Night; which he was so well pleas'd with, that he agreed to take Father *Francis* home with him in the Coach that Night, and to go along with him to the Convent to the Lord *Longueville* the next Morning, as she desir'd: he much admir'd *Violetta*, his new Sister. The Marquis was oblig'd to return to

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the Company below, and in some time most of the Visitors took leave, good Manners obliging them to withdraw, because it was near Night, and the Marquis came off a Journey. Some of his nearest Relations stay'd Supper, and so importun'd him for a sight of his Lady, that he was forc'd to bring her down to Table.

This Opportunity *Ardelisa* took, to send *Nannetta* for Father *Francis*, who, entering the Chamber, she spake to after this Manner: ' Father, ' the great Confidence I place in ' you, makes me desire the Favour ' of you to go to my dear Lord; ' after you have given him an Account of my Deliverance, of which ' perhaps the Letters have already ' inform'd him, proceed to relate to ' him all that happen'd to me since, ' to the time of my being taken into Don *Manuel's* Ship, and there ' finish: telling him, that I there ' fell sick, and died, requesting you ' to go to him, if ever you saw  
France

*the Count de Vinevil.* 131

‘ *France* again. And here say all  
‘ that’s moving, as my dying Mes-  
‘ sage to him; and well observe his  
‘ Looks and Words: and if you find  
‘ his Passion is decay’d, cease to im-  
‘ portune him father.’ And here  
she wept. ‘ I would not break his  
‘ peace, *said she*, or force him to  
‘ the world again, to be look’d cold-  
‘ ly on, and loved for Duty only;  
‘ I’ll sooner enter a Convent, and  
‘ die silent and unknown.’

‘ Madam, *said he*, your Doubts  
‘ are criminal; but you would, I  
‘ suppose, render him more sensible  
‘ of his good Fortune, by first giv-  
‘ ing him a Glimpse of the most un-  
‘ happy State, Fate could reduce him  
‘ to: I’ll, to oblige you, try his  
‘ Constancy, and doubt not to bring  
‘ him with me to you.’ He re-  
turn’d to the company, who soon  
took leave; and then the happy  
Marquiss with his Lady, wishing  
*Ardelisa* good Repose, retir’d to  
an Apartment, where the rich Fur-  
niture surpriz’d and convinc’d her,  
by

by what little she had already seen, that *France* was the most noble Country in the World. Here they return'd Heaven Thanks; and now, freed from all anxious Thoughts, being arriv'd where nothing was wanting to make them happy, they committed themselves to sleep: but *Ardelisa* could not rest, she talk'd with *Nannetta* all the Night.





C H A P. XX.

NEXT morning the Count *de Feuillade*, with whom the good Father went, as was agreed, called him, and hasted to the Convent; where they found the Lord *Longueville* much alter'd, to whom the Count spake, after this manner :  
' My dear Friend, you will wonder  
' doubtless at this early Visit; but  
' I bring a Person with me, who has  
' News of Consequence to impart  
' to you? He has been in *Turkey*.  
At these words the Lord *Longueville* fix'd his Eyes upon him : ' Fa-  
' ther *Francis*, said he, my God!  
' what do I see? Is my dear *Arde-*  
' *lisa* safe and alive? No News but  
' that can comfort me.' ' That I  
' am Father *Francis*, my Lord, he  
' reply'd, is certain, and I wish I  
' could give you News, suiting your  
' Wishes, of your Lady; all that  
' relates

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‘ relates to her I shall acquaint you  
 ‘ with.’ Here they sat down, and  
 he rehears’d all her Adventures,  
 and his own; in which the Lord  
*Longueville* did not once interrupt  
 him with one Question: but when  
 he told the manner of her dying in  
 her Voyage to *Venice*, he turn’d  
 pale. The good Father hastened to  
 a Conclusion, and finish’d in these  
 words: ‘ The last words, my Lord,  
 ‘ she spoke, were relating to you,  
 ‘ which I omit, because they were  
 ‘ so tender, I cannot repeat them  
 ‘ with dry Eyes, and therefore  
 ‘ would doubtless wound your Soul:  
 ‘ now you must resolve to submit  
 ‘ to Providence, and be content.’  
 ‘ Yes, *answer’d he*, I am; my God,  
 ‘ I submit.’

Here the Drops ran from his  
 swol’n Eyes, and he could say no  
 more. At length he pursu’d his  
 Discourse, saying, ‘ Father and  
 ‘ Friend! I thank you both, and  
 ‘ beg you’ll witness how resign’d I  
 ‘ bear the greatest Loss that e’er  
 ‘ Mortality

*the Count de Vinevil.* 135

‘ Mortality sustain’d: Be witness,  
‘ Heaven! how dear I loved her,  
‘ and since she can be mine no more  
‘ on Earth, this Day I’ll quit the  
‘ World; to-morrow’s Sun shall see  
‘ me in the humble Habit of a Friar,  
‘ these walks shall bound my Wishes,  
‘ and I will know no pleasure but  
‘ the hopes of seeing her again.  
‘ Farewel World, and sensual Joys,  
‘ in Death I place my Hope.’ Here  
he cross’d his Arms, a Death-like  
Paleness overspread his Face, and he  
fainted.

The Count and Father, much  
surpriz’d, called for help; at which  
the Prior, and some Friars came;  
and, fetching Wine and Spirits,  
brought him back to Life. Then  
they, repenting of the Trial they had  
made, look’d confusedly upon one  
another. At length the Priest said  
‘ Pardon me, Heaven! and you,  
‘ my Lord! this Sin; you are im-  
‘ pos’d upon, fair *Ardelisa* lives, at  
‘ her Request I made this Trial of  
‘ your Constancy: come with me,  
‘ I

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‘ I will bring you to her.’ At these words he lifted up his Eyes, ‘ Ah !  
‘ do not flatter me, *he cry’d*, ’tis  
‘ cruel. By all that’s good, *reply’d*  
‘ *the Count*, ’tis true she lives.’

Then they brought him to the Coach, and told him, as they went along, all that had past in her Abode at *Venice* and Return to *France*; and being come to the Marquiss’s, who was just up, they were receiv’d with the greatest Demonstrations of Friendship. He immediately sent to know if *Ardelisa* was stirring; *Nannetta* took the Message, and said, ‘ Her Lady  
‘ was not dress’d.’ ‘ The Lord *Longueville* is below,’ said the *Servant*. Ere the words were spoke, he came to the Door conducted by *Joseph*, who had seen him enter the Hall; and, throwing himself at his Feet, told him, ‘ His Lady was  
‘ there.’ He enter’d the Chamber, and seeing *Ardelisa* on the Bed-side, caught her in his Arms so suddenly, that she scarce knew him : Excess of  
Joy

*the Count de Vinevil.* 137

Joy did for some time lock up their Tongues, so that they continu'd silent; but at length they both recover'd, and brake forth in words so tender and so passionate, that none but Lovers can conceive. The Servants all withdrew, and now God had rewarded their long Sufferings, by making them happy in one another. A universal Joy appear'd in all this Family, and the Count *de Beauclair* being sent for, saw this happy Couple, and honourably restor'd his Uncle, the Lord *de Vinevil's* Estate, to *Ardelisa*. Thus these two Lords and Ladies lived in perpetual Felicity and Friendship; and Father *Francis*, with much Intreaty, consented to be Chaplain to Lord *Longueville*: *Nannetta* and *Joseph* marry'd, and were nobly provided for.

The next Spring the Marquis and his Lady had a Visit from Don *Manuel* and Donna *Catherina*, whom they entertain'd as became their Quality and Affection. The same Year

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Year *Violetta* bless'd her Lord with  
a Son, and *Ardelisa* hers with a  
Daughter, who bear their Names.

Thus Divine Providence, whom  
they confided in, try'd their Faith  
and Virtue with many Afflictions,  
and various Misfortunes; and, in  
the end, rewarded them according  
to their Merit, making them most  
happy and fortunate.

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